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"NOW, CHARLEY, DO COME HOME!"

THE ADVANTAGE A WILD YOUNG MAN OF THE STOCK BOARD ENJOYS FROM A LODGING HOUSE LANDLADY WITH TWO PRETTY DAUGHTERS; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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OR,

THE MYSTERY OF SAVIN ROCK.

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Who would be a "Terror?"

LILIAN CLEVES' Foote seems her most unruly member—worse even than her tongue.

AGAIN has the noble red man been dressing down Uncle Sam on the borders of Mexico.

THE pugilists, after all their talk, are coming together one by one, and we may have a lively battle yet, after all the circus business.

THE grand skip to Europe has begun already. Every idiot in town seems to have raised a stake to carry him across the water. Now let us all turn to and raise a fund to keep them there.

NOTE to metropolitan visitors this summer: Look out for our sociable promenaders—they have "taking ways" about them. They'll not only take your fancy, but your entire "boodle" as well.

THE Jennie Cramer case has developed into an experimental lecture on chemistry before a jury of rustic chumps who evidently have suspicions that the whole thing is a practical joke of the doctors.

A SERIES of outrages on children of tender years has caused three or four lynchings in the West lately. The brutes in each instance hailed from the East. And yet we boast of our centre of civilization.

THOSE sniffling opera singers of Hess! Good Lord! Billy Castle, if you do claim to be a troubadour, we wish you wouldn't come before us to "touch your light catarrh." It's not the operative thing.

Now it is Lizzie McCall's turn to be tried. She had a lawyer for a husband and killed him. His profession was an extenuating circumstance, and she will come out triumphantly, as a first class dramatic angel.

SUPPOSE we give away some of the captains and clerks of excursion steamers about New York who have gorgeous staterooms aboard and intend to change their lady companions every week in the season? What then?

WHEN "Tug" Wilson comes across the water at our invitation we expect him to get a warm reception, and we shall be much surprised if Sullivan doesn't take the lead in the warming, and more so if "Tug" doesn't reciprocate in the same spirit.

OUR snide aristocrats and pot-bellied millionaires are likely to have their aspirations toward nobility gratified. The infernal machine boom may some day elevate them to the plane of royalty with the Emperor of Russia and other big guns that have gone off.

RELIGION makes two Jersey ladies fight in their mother's grave the other day. In order that they might dictate what sort of a pit her corpse should rot in they came near making angels of each other, which they are not by any means in their earthly form.

OUT west when a deacon is fired out of church it is the latest "society" regulation for the family of the "fired-out" to proceed in a body to the edifice, yank the parson out of the pulpit and pummel him. To hold your place as a parson out there it is not sufficient to be able to cover the amorous tracks you make between the parsonage and the residences of the prettiest of the sisters—you must be able to "slog" in the pulpit as well as "mash" out of it.

THE Kentucky races have started the sporting lads off with a boom.

THE "Terror" has abdicated and had "his baggage checked for Troy."

THE morality of the stage, of which we hear boasts, is likely the saintliness of the pulpit—etherealized filth, or shimmering slime.

INGERSOLL and Bliss have come into collision. And the sparks flew, and things were red hot and a smell of sulphur prevails. Now is the time for Talmage to kick his heels and crow. Satan's imps have begun to go for each other.

ALL the old tubs are being patched and painted for the summer excursions. When one of these gaudy coffins goes to the bottom of the river or bay with a big load of excursionists on board there will be a great search for the person who is responsible. Why not seek him now?

THE Coaching Club parades some of the sorriest old "plugs" of horses this season. That's all those nincompoops of the stage roofs know. They think that banging a horse's tail will make him a thoroughbred; but it won't, any more than banging theirs would similarly transform them.

THURBER, the New York anti-monopolist who monopolizes all the sidewalks on his block, says Field and Vanderbilt are gross offenders against the American spirit. Here, come now, Thurber, they may be gross, but this kind of talk doesn't sound well coming from you, for you're a grocer.

THE New York Coaching Club is out again playing hackmen. A pretty spectacle they present these fine spring mornings on Fifth avenue—a procession of fine horses dragging coach loads of asses. Surely there is no fitness in such things. The asses should be taken out and put at some useful work.

SUICIDES for love have come into vogue again. There were five of them in one day last week. Cupid, modernized, abandons his antiquated bow and takes to the modern and more effective revolver. Now if Justice would only drop her sword and take to dynamite cartridges to blow up our politicians!

A NEW YORK Methodist congregation had a wrangle the other night, as reported in another column, and almost came to blows. Queer, isn't it, that these people will not take our advice and come to the POLICE GAZETTE office to make their matches and settle things in the regular approved and decorous way.

DANENHOWER, of the Jeannette Arctic expedition has the boss story to tell and is the hero of the time. His graphic descriptions should be saved for the warm weather; for he's as good as a refrigerator, and the tale he tells would send a thermometer down to zero even in the height of New York's hottest "heated term."

BARNUM boasts that he had twenty-five parsons a day at his circus performances in New York. Were they at that special Sunday Jumbo matinee to see how the old thing worked? Judging from the quietness of the sisters and the lack of scandals in the churches our religious editor thinks the parsons did not attend.

Now they are wrangling in New York whether or not gun-cotton is dangerous. Supt. Walling proposes to set fire to samples of the stuff and have it blazing all around him to prove his theory. He mustn't make us the referee. We'll hold the money but we'll not judge the match. Harry Hill can take that if he wants it; we decline.

THE spring strikes of workmen—the better class of workers at trades—were never so numerous as this year. They denote an uneasiness among the worthy poor which the dangerous socialistic drones of the lower grade eagerly take advantage of with their infernal machines. The road ahead is growing decidedly rocky for the monopolists.

WILL some person of avoirdupois and confirmed sedentary habits sit on those lawyers who are wrangling in New York over Judge Speir's age and lugging out family trees and other such old lumber. It would have been merrier for the public if the original family tree of the whole "caboodle" had been the gallows tree in the misty long ago.

THE pool-rooms are all driven out of New York, and yet stock exchanges of all sorts, which are merely gambling games under new names, are established on all sides. If there is a worse skin game than that pursued by the stock and mining boards we never heard of it. If they were as square in their transactions as the pool men always were there would be no room for complaint.

TRICKETT, since he has been back in England, has been making speeches descriptive of what a scurvy set Americans are generally, and

stating that Hanlan offered him money to sell races. It's a bad time for Trickett to get his lingual oar in when he has been laid on his back so neatly by the matchless Canadian—he's likely to catch a "crab" and go overboard altogether in public esteem.

INFERNAL machines are likely to make things lively for Cyrus Field, Vanderbilt and other millionaires. The might of money is great indeed when the poor man is made to contribute even in his vicious moods to the elevation of monopolists. But there may be such a thing as sending them too high, when dynamite is brought as the offering of the poor to the altar of the snobs' magnificence.

WE present another model newspaper this week. Our puny rivals would fain give us the sincere flattery of imitating us, but they can't—we are grown so grand that the frog can no longer inflate himself to proportions that will even temporarily deceive the public. Let the little things crawl and limp off their ways, happy in the consoling thought that they are too puny and microscopic vermin for us to "sit upon."

AFTER agreeing to write a book about the bandit, Mrs. Jesse James backs out. She wanted to make him out a saint and ignore all his deeds of lawlessness; but her horrified publisher protested, and she left him in the lurch. The POLICE GAZETTE publications cover the ground of Jesse's bold deeds so completely, it seems, that Mrs. James found nothing new to write; and this was the real reason she broke her contract. You may depend on it it will be a phenomenally cold day when we get left in matters of enterprise and journalistic liberality.

ISN'T this horrible! The defence in the Malley trial, learning that a part of Jennie Cramer's liver had been given up unanalyzed by the doctors, and that an undertaker had buried it in his back yard, what do the lawyers do but have it dug up so that their own chemist may stew and boil it and swear that there was no poison in it at all. Poor girl! She was not only seduced and murdered, but her corpse fell into the hands of the Connecticut authorities, Harvard professors and carrion-scenting buzzards of the law from near and far. Rough, isn't it?

OUR "Society editor" has been incapacitated for his usual herculean labors this week by a most shocking misfortune. One of the many "devils" of this establishment sent to an admiring young lady, at her written request, a photograph purporting to be the authentic picture of our society young man. It was the picture of Nance, the beauty who adorns another page of this issue. When the "society journalist" learned this he fainted, and has not been himself since. What was the effect on the young lady we have not heard. Something awful, no doubt.

THE noble red man celebrates the budding spring with copious libations of fire-water, purchases a new supply of improved firearms and goes out to replenish his stock of scalps. It is useless to continue the boasted "march of civilization" in that direction if we send babies, women and unarmed men to the front. The only way is to send our fighting men first to clear the Apache obstructions, either jailing or exterminating the entire lot. As this would interfere with the speculating rackets of the Indian agents, though, it is a little too radical for adoption we suppose. While the Government is thinking it over, an enormous scalp crop is being gathered.

THE Christians are at it again in the courts, man and wife, and promise to give us some scandal richness that will prove that life in high diplomatic and general political circles in Washington is not a whit more moral than anywhere else; all going to prove that as far as a dead sure thing on virtue goes a man or woman may as well be born poor, or start out in life as a Sunday-school teacher, as to find him or herself furnished with all the luxuries of life and social position thrown in. Flirtations and immoralities depend on human "cussedness," and that the millionaire and the helress are endowed with as liberally as the crooked deacon, the hypocritical parson or the sly actress.

THAT Brooklyn Bridge job has proved such a good one that it is likely to be spun out for ten years yet. There isn't a sign of advance in the work yet, but the appropriations are asked for and disappear all the same. Wouldn't it be nice if we could all have the public purse opened to us in this way? What a nice moral lesson this is for the rising generation! If the youngsters are observant they will know enough to deduce from this big scheme an injunction to get a bonanza public job early in life and let it support them from adolescence to the grave. We have no temple of Janus in the metropolis, but the big bridge will serve as a very suggestive monument to the heathen deity aforesaid for all time.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

A MAN is known by the company he keeps out of.

SULLIVAN is said to be a descendant of the ancient Hittites.

WHEN he came home tipsy he told his wife he had been out sherry-nading.

THE proof of the pudding is the rapidity with which the children get away with it.

INSECTS come in the spring. The mosquito consults his ledger and makes out his bills for summer.

MISS DICKINSON is a noble-hearted woman, say what they will. She is always ready to take a man's part.

"CAN you flirt a fan?" asked a coquette of her partner. "No," he replied, "I can not; but I can fan a flirt."

"JOHN," said a teacher, "I'm very sorry to have to punish you." "Then don't; I'll let you off this time," responded John.

NEVER address your conversation to a person engaged in footing up a column of figures. There's nothing so deaf as an adder.

An old lady being told that a lawyer was "lying at the point of death," exclaimed, "My gracious, won't even dying stop that man's lying?"

"It's no use to feel of me wrist, doether," said Pat when the physician began taking his pulse: "the pain is not there, surr; it's in me hid, intirely."

THE trout season has begun down East. The polls opened with about the usual proportion, four liars to one trout, and none of the upper wards in yet.

"PAT," said a coarse, conceited fellow, "tell the biggest lie you can, and here are two shillings for you." "Faith," said Pat, "yer honor's a gentleman."

AN Irishman who was found guilty of stealing a lot of coffee was asked by the magistrate what he did with it. "Made tay with it," was the Hibernian's reply.

"I THINK the goose has the advantage of you," said a lady to an inept boarder who was carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age," was the withering retort.

WE are constantly told that "the evening wore on"—but what the evening wore on such occasions we are not informed. Was it the close of a summer's day?

"I'M afraid the bed is not long enough for you," said the landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied: "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

"WILL you name the bones of the head?" said a teacher to one of his class. "I've got 'em all in my head, teacher," replied the pupil, "but I can't give 'em away."

YOUNG lady, examining some bridal vells—"Can you really recommend this one?" Over-zealous shopman—"Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."

WANTED.—To rent a house located immediately alongside a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply may be stolen during the year. Rent low, and greater part taken in plums.

THE following was found posted on the wall of a country post-office: "Lost, a red kaf. He had a white spot on 1 of his behind legs. He was a she kaf. I will give 3 shilling to enni-body to bring him home."

MR. G.'s grown daughter, whose name was Sarah Jane, changed her name to Umbrella in hopes some one would carry her off, but she still remains on his hands. There are "Umbrellas" who are safe anywhere.

OPERA cloaks should be made on Singer machines. And kitchen garments on the Domestic. And teamsters' clothes on a Wheeler. And bridal railments on the New Home. And the widows duds on the Weed.

"HALLOA! Bob, how are you?" Bob, who had been in jail for debt for some months past answered: "Very well, thank you; but I have been in trouble, you know?" "What trouble ailed you?" "A trouble passed in durance."

"YOUNG man," said an orator impressively, "do you want to go to a drunkard's grave?" "Well," replied the young man with the careless grace of a man who isn't accustomed to refusing. "I don't care if I do, where is your grave?"

BROWN pointed his gun at a partridge; the cap snapped and the bird flew off. "Just my confounded luck!" exclaimed Brown, "miss fire every time." "Have patience," counseled Fogg, "you may have better luck in another world."

"SAMBO, whar you git dat watch you wared to meeting last Sunday?" "How do you know that I had a watch?" "Kase I seed the chain hang out de pocket in front." "Go 'way, nigger! Spose you see a halter round my neck, you tink dar is a horse inside ob me?"

A LITTLE girl the other day told the school-mistress there was sickness in her house, and was sent home to learn the name of the disease. Next morning after roll-call, she bashfully advanced and said: "Please Miss, ma says we have a little baby at our house, but you needn't be afraid for it ain't catching."

A CERTAIN young miss was noticed by her mother to be fondling a pet kitten. "Why, Mary," said the mother, "you have kissed that kitten more in five minutes than you have me in five years!" "Don't you know why I'd rather kiss the kitten than you, mother?" "No, my child." "You haven't got whiskers!"

Oh, spring is coming,
I know by the humming
Of life in the streets;
The roosters are crowing,
Young ladies are beaming,
Old winter is going,
To his northern retreats.

A PARISIAN lady called on her milliner the other day, to "take up" the character of a servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner. "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Besmirched Thespis Washes Some More Soiled Linen in Public.

An Actress Makes a Hit with Her Foote, while others Travel on other Parts of their Anatomy.

"JIMMY of the Kiss" is the worse actor yet.

WALL street owes Moss a debt of gratitude for bringing the drama into close relations with it.

No WONDER brass has gone up in the market. Alice Oates proposes to play in New York again.

OPERATIC circles bristle with scandals. Those Italian song birds are very naughty in the spring time.

KATE BARTLETT, supported by Lester Wallace, is starring in New England. The team is a very good one for "funny business."

THE rumor that Maurice Grau lassoed his musicians in the Mexican dives is unauthenticated, but justified by their awful utterances.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN will be at us again next season with an opera just finished. Like Pinafore, it is founded on one of Gilbert's "Bab Ballads."

ONE thing is sure—when John Poole takes command at Niblo's Ned Glimore will have to stop his flirtations. John doesn't run that kind of a shop.

THE head of the Thespian "Walk Home" procession reached Union Square last week. That part of the promenade now becomes no thoroughfare for ladies.

GEORGE HOEY boasts that he has been waiting for a long time, but at last he is going to California on his merit. Let him look out he doesn't come back on his ear.

JOE EMMETT has paid \$2,500 for a prize St. Bernard dog. That's cheap for him. Generally, when Joe has a "dog" with him it's a more expensive one than that.

CAZURAN has not only done for himself in writing a piece for Clara Morris; he has done for her as well. She complains to him that there's no piece for her after all.

WHAT will Charley Parsloe do when his Chinese "fake" runs out? There is no Humpty Dumpty running for him to do the knock-about parts in as he used to do for George Fox.

MISS GEORGIA CAYAN rushed into the dramatic field all in a flutter two seasons ago, and now is flitting about in a series of histrionic spasms. Attie calls for the lady since she's too fresh.

FREDERICK PAULING is going to change from a star to a stock performer. Let us hope it will change his sex at the same time. We have quite enough females in trowsers on the stage already.

THE scaly fish-monger management is said to be very sick of the unappreciative public. As a turn-out about the public is very sick of Daly's. "It hath a fish-like and ancient smell." Phew! Clean it out!

THE managers intend to dodge the law abolishing ticket speculators by hiring agents who will be posted in the theatre vestibules to get you a ticket (for a bonus) without waiting in the line at the box office.

THE toughest tenor you ever saw is Campanini, and the most unromantic, too. The way he can stand up at a Fourteenth street bar and fire in his slugs of whiskey is worthy of a basso profundo of a Bowery concert saloon.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL has a pull this season. He will furnish most of the plays for the road next season. If he manages to get his money in advance all well and good, but if not, not; for it's a tough gang he has to deal with.

THE public of St. Louis will stand anything when they swallow two managers like Spaulding and Pope as samples of brains and aesthetic culture. They would pass pretty well as dog-fighters, but for aesthetes—oh, no; we guess not.

THE Juliet rage has shifted from New York to Chicago. Hill has been doing the astronomical and has discovered a heaven born "star" in Margaret Mather. He is going to manage the new orb as if she were a heavenly Jumbo.

THE fungi are beginning to sprout in Charley Collins' in the Square, with old man Morris and Gus Williams taking root beside the bar "for the good of the house." The dramatic pathos of the scene when business is dull is heart-rending.

WHEN Abbey imports Mrs. Langtry, the dramatic white elephant of the coming season, will he have to make an affidavit similar to Barnum's to get her through the Custom House? What will the Prince say if the manager declares such intentions?

OUR advice is going to be taken, it seems. The fish-monger is going to gut his son-in-law's New York theatre. There will be an entire new company next season. Ah! Won't one connoisseur smack his lips in gustatory anticipation of fresh fair, in his foul way!

THERE will be an enlargement of traveling companies next season, owing to the large costs necessary for sensation dramas. This will furnish enough lady members of the troupe to go around, it is to be hoped; but how will the hotel chambermaids react?

HARRIGAN & HART think of opening their next season with a comic drama by some other person than Harrigan. A risky venture, to drop the series that has proved a gold mine. If they're wise they'll work the rich old vein instead of prospecting for a new legitimate lead.

MANAGERS of female stars have taken to advertising boastfully the measure of their "attractions," warts and the sizes of their shoes. This tempts us to say something naughty about the globular suggestiveness of some of them, but we refrain this time, to surprise our readers.

If Billy Florence thinks he can cure softening of the brain by getting an appointment as a Consul abroad he is such further "off" in his disease than his friends thought. What he needs is some business where there are no women to admire him—some desert spot with not even a Turkish boy to salaam to him.

HENDERSON boasts that he has made his standard a pure theatre. His idea of purity seems to

be filled by turning the hose on his stage—there are plenty of them, but they are not very clean hose, and their sanitary effect is not apparent in back-door morals and midnight patronage of Koster & Bial's.

MART HANLEY has grown weary of that loud, and awful Harrison Caravan, and has gone back to Harrigan & Hart. He will control their traveling company, and they will be gainers by his presence at the helm. Mart was always out of place when he was with that other crowd. He was too clean and too polite.

THAT snide penny-flipper and bad actor, John T. Raymond, is finding his level. Next season does not present a bright outlook for him. He had better get into the crooked manager's ring and live among the favored few on the Brooklyn Theatre Fire Fund. The public will not support him any longer—that is a certainty.

THE young woman who steps into the private office of a New York manager is ruined—if not in fact, certainly by force of the green-room gossip's tongues. And yet these managers, who don't even take the trouble to cover their amorous tracks, want to gag us with taffy and make the public believe that the theatre is a temple of purity.

NAT GOODWIN begins to understand that the day of red-headed clowns has passed. He has traveled to fame on his wigs heretofore; but now he will be obliged to use what he may develop in his head instead of on it. When he investigates and discovers how few cerebral "props" he really has, his turkey-cock conceit will subside several degrees, we have no doubt.

SAM COLVILLE imagines that his frown is a moral force, and that because he has avoirdupois he has only to sit on anything to crush it. Sometimes the old man meets with a moral or intellectual porcupine with results that necessitate a change of garment or at least a patching of the old. He is covered with such scars. Sam will never be anything but a "bum" manager.

SIX English noblemen arrived in New York last week, and each was accompanied by his favorite London actress. Dozens of our young bloods are going to London this summer, and each will be accompanied by his favorite New York actress. Turn about is fair play. And there is a remarkable similarity in the conduct of "nobility" whichever side of the pond you find it on.

THE matrimonial engagements of the traveling fakes are closing with the season. They will mate anew during the summer, according to what troupes they engage with. Between now and the 15th of August it will be awkward to ask an actor "How is your wife?" or an actress "How is your husband?" Non-professionals should observe these points of dramatic etiquette.

EUGENIE LEGRAND, a French actress, has replaced Cazauran's failure at the Union Square with another and equally dismal fiasco. The play is called "Solange," is the work of an actor named George Darrell, and is "fearfully and wonderfully made." Indeed, who puts up the money to enable this lady to speak broken English? We thought the day of "suckers" of this sort had gone by, but we see we were mistaken.

NOW there is a chance for the managers who hold the big-stake for the Actors' Relief Fund. Lillian Cleves and her Foote are in need of relief. Lillian wants her eye painted, and plasters for her wounds, and counsel fees in her divorce suit, while Foote requires bail. True, Foote isn't the first artist who "beat" her but then these people are actors, and come within the limits. Now what sort of relief are these distinguished and refined members of the "perfesh" going to get?

A PHILADELPHIA manager got together a lot of what he called "Chips of the Old Blocks," a month ago and started for a theatrical tour with them. They were cubs from the "star" families, although if John McCullough or George Clarke had any juvenile representatives there they bore their mothers' names—a fashion in theatrical breeding. The company couldn't act any better than their parents, but hadn't their luck for after a fortnight the sheriff seized their trunks and they "walked home" in true dramatic style.

THERE's one smirking fraud neither actor, manager nor author, yet pretending to be all of a dramatic company, who needs squelching. That is one E. E. Rice, the Evangeline man. His cheek and vanity are manifest in the big lithograph he gets out representing himself etherialized in very grand proportions in the foreground watering several pots of small snuff-boxes which are bursting into semblance of the various members of his alleged opera company. When the public will stand this nauseating parade of this fellow petting his "daisies," taste must be at a pretty low ebb.

THERE is a well-known manager in New York who pays a chorus singer of fine shape and good looks to take his mistresses off his hands in rapid succession. The poor girl, after the lecherous old manager has grown weary of her, is inspired with the belief that she has a voice and there is an operatic future before her. The chorus singer is engaged to instruct her, the manager grows jealous and fires her out. Then that manager lays back in his chair and calls "Next!" in stenographic tones as there comes a gentle tap at his office door and another trembling victim steals in to "talk business."

SEVERAL young women who affect male characteristics on the New York stage met in the usual Saturday night beer spree at Koster & Bial's.

"So you've made a hit, my dear?" said the fresh Len Grover, perking up to the bevy with his blooming summer air of virile juvenility.

"Yes," said the most chipper daisy of the lot, "I've got the business down fine. I believe half the people in front to-night thought I was really a man, in the second act."

"Ah! but then," said Len, in one of his Mephistophelean impulses, "the other half had already gained positive proof that you were not."

The stupid little creature didn't see the point, although she thought over it all the evening.

HERE's a list of actors who need assistance out of that "Fund" that A. M. Palmer and Wallace and their pals don't want to have any questions asked about. Will they attend to these cases: Lillian Cleves—has a damaged Foote and a black eye; several actresses from "the first theatres" who attended Stokes' gin mill reception—have damaged reputations; Billy Florence—softening of the brain; Rose Stella—sundry bruises, and an obnoxious husband; Gus Williams—afflicted with the terrible disease Conceit—half eaten up by it, and—but this will do to begin with. Let

Smirker Palmer attend to these and we'll give him some more. He can depend on us to "give him some more" though, anyhow, and to keep on giving it to him until he mends his moral ways or else drops his pretence of high-toned morality.

GEORGE GOODWIN, of Philadelphia has paid more money for newspaper notices than any man in the business. It has been his favorite trick to work the stars who play at his theatres in the interest of certain alleged newspaper men of the city. These papers he represents must be bought over or they will take up nasty and scandalous stories, which Goodwin takes care to furnish them in advance, *sub rosa*. Every actor or actress is handicapped with some scandal that they don't like paraded in the papers, and as they are a most thin-skinned class they give up freely to the snide "journalists" who are controlled by Goodwin and who persistently puff him and his theatre in repayment for his services in this little game. If actors had any pluck they would refuse to be bled by this Philadelphia gang; and if they had any intelligence they would have detected Goodwin's complicity in the racket long ago.

DORSON, the ex-banjoist, who is running his wife as a star on a barn-storming expedition through the South, discharged the comedian, J. W. Butler and his young wife, a couple of weeks ago, and went away, leaving them penniless in the wilds of Florida. The poor actor tried in vain to get employment, even offering his services to roll hogsheads among the niggers, but was refused. He and his wife were driven out of doors, and the poor woman died of hunger and exposure. There has been no move to relieve the necessities of these worthy people out of the alleged "Actors' Relief Fund," and anyone who would propose such a thing to A. M. Palmer, or Lester Wallace, or Billy Henderson, would get the grand laugh. Didn't we tell you so? They've put "them forty thousand dollars" where they'll do the most good, and where no investigating committee of starving and swindled actors will ever find them, or get any relief from them. Now, then, this banjo-picking tyrant Dobson—what is to be done with him?

MANAGER James W. Collier, of "Banker's Daughter" and "Sheridan Shook" fame, has, it is said, of late embarked in another enterprise—namely, usury. Among the people engaged by him for the recent production of "Youth," in Philadelphia, was one who was in the bad actors' chronic state of impecuniosity. Before leaving New York for the former city it was necessary that he should have forty dollars, partly to satisfy the claims of an unusually confiding landlady, and partly to decorate his elongated person with the luxury of clean linen, etc. He approached genial "Jim," and after a good deal of difficulty succeeded in borrowing the amount needed, it to be stopped in weekly installments of ten dollars from his salary. Instead of ten, however, he avers that twelve and a half dollars were retained each week—Mr. Collier charging 25 per cent. per month interest on the loan, the actor having to pay fifty dollars, though he received but forty. It is an old saying, and a true one, that "There is no Jew so mean as an Irish Jew," and if that actor don't lie the statement is verified.

ANOTHER sample of the refinement of the stage. Rose Stella has been a bright feature of Eric Bagley's English company which has been playing "The Colonel" in this country. She is the wife of a dramatic agent named Harry Froome, who has been away for a month or two travelling for a dramatic company while his wife was playing with the "Colonel" party. He returned unexpectedly on the 1st inst., late at night, and went direct to the rooms he thought were his. To his great surprise he found a jamboree in progress in his quarters. The rooms were filled with Harvard students, and the "distinguished actress" was holding high revel with them. Froome wanted to know all about it, and the students proceeded to fire him out as an intruder. A free fight ensued, in the course of which the actress was knocked down by her husband, and the students escaped from the scene somewhat the worse for their visit. The frisky Stella (1) on packed up her traps and changed her residence. It's a fine idea that an actress can't have an all-night spree in her own apartments with a lot of gay students without a husband interfering with her professional rackets.

WE understand some of the managers and actors whose toes have been trodden on are furious. Well, they shouldn't have such big feet, or at least should pare down their moral bunions. We repeat, advisedly, the managers and actors of this country are a nasty set—with all that the word implies. They are depraved and brazen hypocrites who might escape like the cuttle-fish in their own beclouding filth if they did not pause in the midst of it to force us to acknowledge that black is white—that they are all that is pure and virtuous, and that they do not sell themselves to vice body and soul and make the stage a mere open show-case for the parade of their nasty wares. We would hold our peace in sympathy for the wretched women who sell their souls and bodies to managers and star actors for the poor boon of being permitted to earn their living on the stage; but when these people begin to set up their morals as the model morals and deny the palpable fact that the road to dramatic preferment is only approached through a gateway where manager and star actor lie in wait as porters to take toll of the virtue of the traveller as the first start on the journey—then we are going for the canting set, all of them, "baldheaded." We want no free tickets, we want no money, we want no dramatic advertisements—ours is not a dramatic paper in the sense that we blindly support dramatic filth. This settles the cry of blackmail; and now we continue our truthful chronicles.

DEEDS OF BLOOD.

A Bouquet of Murders and Suicides Culled from Various Fields.

FOREMAN HOPKINS, of a saw mill at St. Paul, Minn., had a few words on the 24th ult. with George Miller, a workman. As the latter turned away to walk off after the interchange of hard words Hopkins seized an axe and hewed him down, striking him a terrific blow in the back. The man was fatally injured and the murderer was taken into custody. He justifies his deed by pleading self defence.

Two well-to-do young planters of Surrey county, Va., near the North Carolina line, named Robert Bailey and John Frazier, were courting the same young woman and consequently were not inspired with brotherly feelings for one another. On the 23d ult. one of their quarrels ended in a fatal fight. Bailey drew a knife but Frazier seized an axe and chopped him down inflicting fatal injuries.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Billings, Coolings, Wrangles and Divorces of the Married and the Too-Much Married.

A YOUNG Chinaman of Boston, named Ling John Herm, visited Philadelphia last month and fell in love with a handsome and refined young woman named Kate Engelhardt. He proposed, she accepted and they were married. During the first week of the honeymoon he had thrashed her soundly and spitefully put up all her clothes. Then they concluded that they were not created for each other and separated.

TIMOTHY HALEY, aged 70, of Brookville, Ky., married two months ago a young girl, aged 17. Every one was shocked and predicted that May would weary of December p. d. q. Imagine their astonishment on learning on the 25th ult., that December was the first to weaken. Haley refused to live with his wife saying she had married him only for his money. She gleefully comes forward with a suit for one-third of his \$150,000 estate.

A Miss Bourne, of Whitehall, N. Y., eloped with her lover a few weeks since, making it a condition that immediately after the ceremony she should be permitted to return home to her mother, thinking that after the knot had been tied the old lady might be reconciled by her persuasions. On the contrary, the mother convinced the daughter in one night's argumentation, that the match was "away off," and when the husband came the next day radiant with smiles to claim his bride, he was received with a shower of broomsticks and frying pans. When he besieged the house, his wife escaped by the back door, disguised in boys' clothes, and lit out for parts unknown, so thoroughly had she been convinced by her parent that her matrimonial bargain was a bad one.

A SHOT FROM THE TOMB.

The Reception a Party of Grave Robbers Met in a Virginia Cemetery.

[Subject of Illustration.]

DURING the grave robbery scare of a couple of months ago, when a number of men were known to be banded together to rob graves in lonely grave yards in Pennsylvania, various plans were adopted to rid Pennsylvania of the resurrectionists, but none of them were effective. The wily band conducted their operations for a long time with impunity over a broad area of country embracing parts of Pennsylvania, Western Virginia and Ohio, and supplied the "stiffs" to Philadelphia and New York, where they were well paid for them.

They suddenly abandoned Virginia after one attempt on a graveyard near Culpepper. The one tomb in that cemetery, a crumbling relic of ante-bellum pride, was the scene of a scare that stamped the vile traffickers in dead men. A young northern lady, the wife of a Richmond merchant named Harvey Burt, died suddenly on December 5th, and was laid to rest among the mouldy coffins of her husband's ancestors in this tomb. The rumors so affected the grieving husband that he mounted guard in the tomb beside the coffin of his lost one, armed to the teeth. The fourth night of his watch his vigilance was rewarded. Three men, armed with bars of iron, pried open the iron door of the tomb and entered, casting the rays of a dark lantern on the dismal scene. They had not approached three steps before the frantic watcher arose with a howl from behind a crumbling coffin and opened fire from his revolver on the horrified robbers. There was a cry of pain, the light was extinguished and the party fled leaving a trail of blood behind them but making their escape.

There have been no attempts at grave robbery in those parts since, and one ex-grave robber is limping about Philadelphia incapacitated for further work in his line.

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

How a Missing Heir to English Estates was Made away With.

[Subject of Illustration.]

YOUNG Arthur Herbert was the heir to a large estate in Lincolnshire, Eng. He had been very wild and five years ago left home in disgrace in the eyes of his irascible old father, saying he intended to go to America and never return. In London he fell in with bad company and squandered all his money. His appeals were not listened to and finally nothing more was heard of him except that he had got on board of a German steamer as a stowaway and after the vessel got far out at sea was discovered and made to work his passage to America.

Two years ago his father died and the lawyers have been advertising in the American papers for the heir to manifest himself and claim what is his own. He has made no sign however and now there comes forward in London a rough sailor man who says the youngster was put out of the way by interested relatives, that he was smuggled on the steamer by a couple of firemen who drugged him and cast him into the blazing furnace of the vessel during a gale, when all hands were occupied on deck, thus making away with him and leaving no tell-tale trace of the deed of horror behind.

The man who reveals this awful story goes on, he says, from one of the principal actors who made him his confidant in his cups during a prolonged spree ashore six months ago. At first he thought it a big forecastle yarn, but when he came across the advertisements in the papers for the missing heir he sagely put this and that together and reached the logical conclusion detailed above.

A DRUNKEN HUSBAND'S FREAK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

John McDonald, of Pittsburg, Pa., went home drunk night after night and was put to bed by his better half until her soul wearied of this wifely duty. On the 30th ult. he tried it on again. She found him at 4 A. M. lying "paralyzed" in the hallway. In her indignation she dragged him to the cellar and put him to bed in the coal bin.

There he slept until 10 A. M. Arising bewildered he vainly attempted to find egress. At last in his half drunken condition he came on the coal slide and mistaking it for a chimney concluded to fool the old woman who, he thought, had locked him in by climbing up and getting out on the roof. He climbed up and pushing aside the iron cover scrambled to the sidewalk, grasping the ankle of a young lady promenade to assist him and making such a sensation that his wife was glad to yank him into the house while she stood off the policeman who insisted on searching the premises for the burglars who were supposed to have entered by the coal hole.

The "Police Gazette's" Progress.

A few years back, the POLICE GAZETTE came into the proprietorship of Mr. Richard K. Fox. It was a moribund weekly, whose owners were upon the point of abandoning its publication in despair. Since then, it has by liberality, energy and intelligent enterprise, been built up into the leading sporting and sensational illustrated journal of the world. With an assured circulation of over 125,000 weekly, and the finest staff of artists and engravers in the country, it occupies first place in that field of pictorial journalism in which, five years ago, it was almost unknown.

The only illustrated paper in the United States which makes a special feature of sporting events, the POLICE GAZETTE has, from the first, been devoted to the interests of honest sport, heart and soul, and its encouragement has never been withheld from any man or event in that line deserving of encouragement. The impetus the POLICE GAZETTE, under the management of Mr. Fox, has given to sport in the United States, is too well known to need special comment here. Backing John Hughes in pedestrianism and Paddy Ryan in the prize ring, the name of the paper is thus associated with two of the most noteworthy events of the sporting world during the present generation, while the valuable POLICE GAZETTE medals competed for in the athletic field by the best men in their various specialties in their line, have proved more than successful, as they were desired to be. The policy of the paper always has been and always will be to foster and encourage honest sport. While it never has hesitated and never will hesitate to assail the frauds which degrade and injure true sport, it will never permit itself to be actuated by malice or self-interest in its dealings with any man or event. Fearless and independent in this as in every other labor it undertakes, the reputation it has won as the standard sporting journal will never be lowered or impugned, and the value of its opinions will remain unimpaired by any stigma which might rest upon an unjust judgment or a biased interest.

It was said that the POLICE GAZETTE was dead when we took it in hand. The paper had little or no influence and fairly no field to operate in. It seemed likely to be elbowed out of the way altogether by the swarming crowd of rival journals that swept eagerly and powerfully forward in the race for the prize of public patronage and prominence. By good treatment and the liberal outlay of money, however, the sturdy old racer was revived, and seeing an opening we wedged him into the race, and immediately began cutting out the pace to the astonishment of the journalistic field of "cracks." One by one they pegged out, falling far to the rear, but still the

POLICE GAZETTE kept increasing its enterprising gait, till the jockeys of the best of them in the van began to look over their shoulders, apprehensive of our startling rush. It was no easy matter to pass them, but we did it, and here we are running easily far ahead, with plenty of breath to spare and twice the amount of vim and "go" in us, which we have never been called on to employ, but which we shall call on from time to time for the benefit of our readers, and for the amusement of playing with

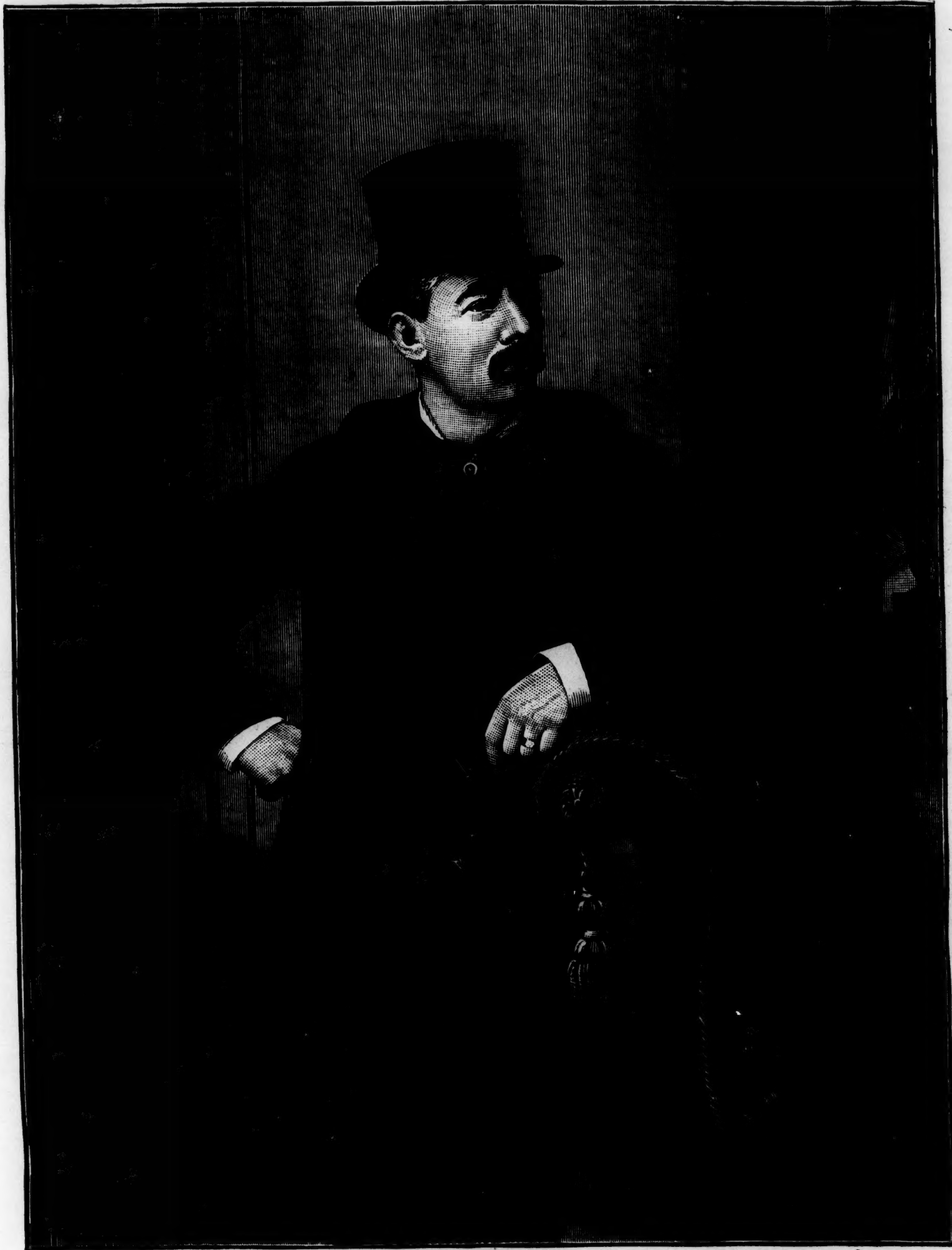
of the nation and the world. We raised pugilism by a fostering hand and liberal outlay, formed the interest of the public in manly sports generally, and at once went to the front as the representative sporting journal, quoted the world over, copied, imitated, and envied by those who had held the field all to themselves before the POLICE GAZETTE's rejuvenation, and who did not know how to make the best use of their advantages. We may be pardoned if we plume ourselves and jubilate a little over a

circulation that is already far beyond any figures ever attained by any illustrated newspaper. This is the "necromantic formula" which we are going to stick to, throughout, and each year we expect to blow the POLICE GAZETTE trumpet louder and louder over its new journalistic triumphs and its increased prosperity.

A glance at our paper in its later issues will give proof positive what it represents to be, and that it is worthy to fill the entire field which it has marked out for itself. No sensational event

of importance escapes the pencils of our artists, or the pens of our correspondents and editors. Everything in our columns is fresh, newsy, and treated in a style peculiarly our own. The numerous quotations from our journal by the papers of the country at large, alone prove its worth and reliability in the eyes of journalistic experts. In the matter of illustrations we undeniably stand so far in advance of all our contemporaries that the question of their rivalry with us cannot be entertained for a moment without arousing smiles of derision. The artistic composition of our paper cannot fail to strike the general public as admissible; backed up as it is by literary worth, business enterprise and journalistic tact. The POLICE GAZETTE of to-day not only offers much to feast the eye, but gives the news, and presents subjects for reflection in an entertaining and amusing shape.

There is not only something to see but much to read in these columns. And it is not mere "sound and fury signifying nothing;" on that fact we pride ourselves. Each department of our paper is in competent hands, and each has its clientele well served. The GAZETTE has not only the brains to think but the courage to print its thoughts; not only the money and enterprise to get at the truth in the news and gossip of the day, but the consistency to print it without fear or favor. It has a clear record, and will always justify the encouraging patronage the public has given it in its days of struggle. Now that it has got upon the easy-going plane of success and fortune, it will prove that its gratitude is not as man's is, too often, clamorous in adversity and silent in prosperity. It will continue repaying the public by proving itself a reliable guide and adviser on all the events of the day within the range of its departments; it will fearlessly expose hypocrisy, and smite fraud hip and thigh, in behalf of the plain unadorned truth which it has been so long the custom of alleged sporting papers to keep so carefully concealed in the background. The course of the GAZETTE, as all our observant readers must have noted, is onward, and the progression is going to continue indefinitely to the attainment of unheard-of splendors and triumphs, for we are convinced that there is more glory beyond.



Yours truly
Richard K. Fox,

[Photographed by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.]

our broken-winded and distanced rivals staggering and limping on in our rear.

When we came on the scene with our decrepit and despised sheet, we found sporting matters at a low ebb. The prize ring had faded out altogether and athletic sports generally were crowded into obscure corners of so-called sporting journals, while the daily press all but ignored them entirely. We undertook the task of reviving them by making the POLICE GAZETTE not only a splay record of the sensational news of the day, but a mirror of the sports

triumph of such a scheme, for it is no easy matter to bring the journalistic dead to life, as we have done, much less to make that same alleged corpse revive and inspire with brawn and vim the remains of defunct sports. The secret of this success lies in enterprise, a knowledge of what the public wants, and the daring liberality to gratify its tastes to the full of its bent at whatever outlay of money, time, brains, and artistic and mechanical skill. These are the charms by which we have wooed the public to us and by which we are constantly rolling up a

range of its departments; it will fearlessly expose hypocrisy, and smite fraud hip and thigh, in behalf of the plain unadorned truth which it has been so long the custom of alleged sporting papers to keep so carefully concealed in the background. The course of the GAZETTE, as all our observant readers must have noted, is onward, and the progression is going to continue indefinitely to the attainment of unheard-of splendors and triumphs, for we are convinced that there is more glory beyond.

Bertha and the Burglar.

Steubenville, Ohio, has a heroine. She is a servant girl, a stout German maiden who has been only five months in the country and three weeks in the service of Dr. Henderson, who resides in a fine old-fashioned residence some few miles out of town. The Doctor has an invalid wife and two daughters, young ladies of beauty and refinement.

On the 20th ult. the doctor had a case that took him ten miles from home into the country and kept him away all night. Towards evening the servant girl having been sent into town and the young ladies left alone, a tramp of most villainous mien appeared and sought admission. The ladies fled in terror by the back door as he was hammering at the front gate—a garden wall separating the house from the road. The young women were met in their flight by the buxom German maid who, far from being scared, rolled up her sleeves and hastened down the road towards the house.

She arrived at the gate in time to see the ruffian clambering up the wall intent on making his way into the premises. Without hesitation she seized him by the leg and gave him such a yank that he came to the ground with a thump, striking on his head and lying for a moment partially stunned. As he fell a revolver was thrown from his coat pocket and was discharged

**PECKED TO DEATH.**

A FIGHTING COCK ATTACKS AND KILLS A CHILD BY PICKING ITS BRAINS OUT, AT LONDON, ENG.

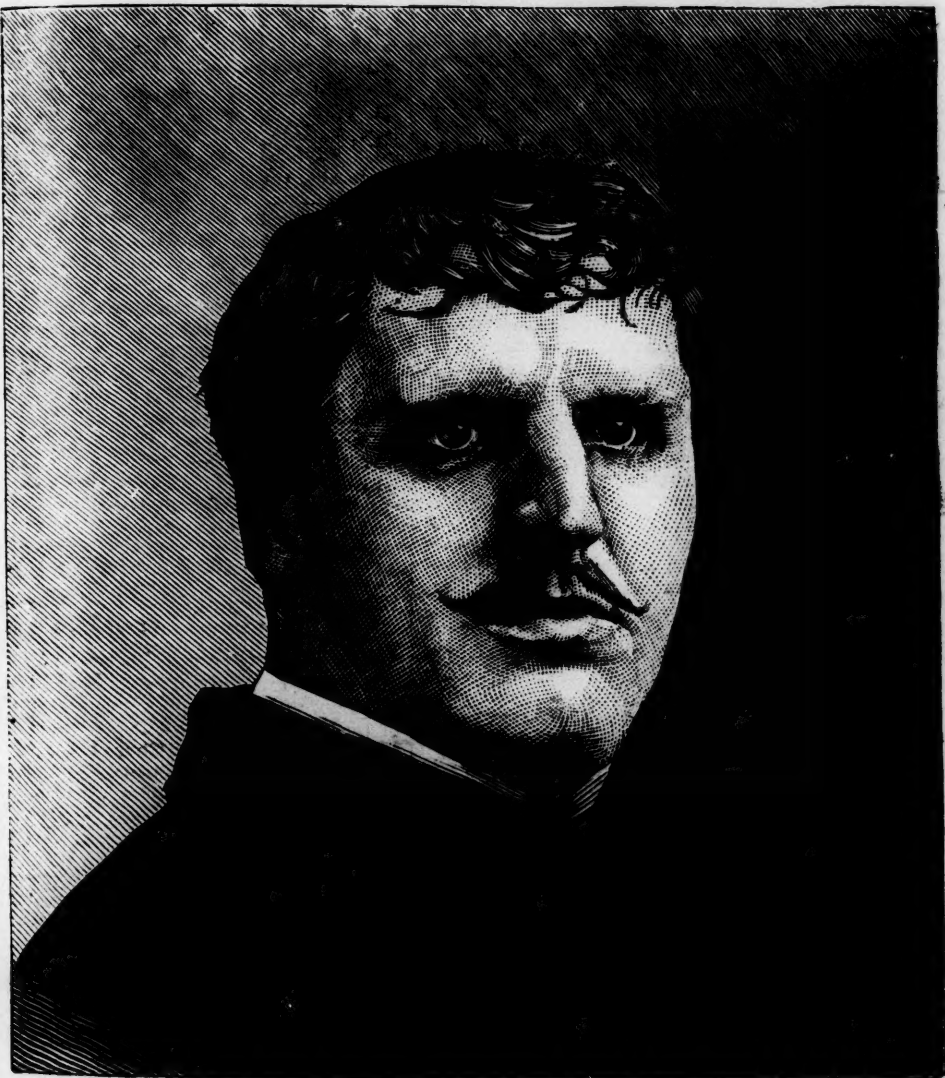
yard with Cochon Chinas and speckled hens of all grades.

One day—the family had been in the house a fortnight—Mrs. Andrews, missing her child for an hour, searched for and found it lying in the yard with a game cock perched on and picking savagely at it. The fighting fowl, taking offence at the red dress which the little one wore, had attacked and killed it by driving its spurs in the top of its head.

The inquest developed the fact that gamecocks had a decided antipathy to loud colors and have been known to attack ladies who paraded scarlet dresses or petticoats, but none of this wisdom gave any consolation to the stricken parents, who have been effectually cured of their taste in fowls.

Slain by a Mob.

Last January John M. Walton was murdered near St. Paul, Ind. O. M. Garrett, Mrs. Walton, wife of the murdered man, and Aaron Frazier were arrested as accomplices in the crime. Garrett took a change of venue, was tried at Vernon, Ind., in the latter part of March and was acquitted. The people were furious with indignation at the result. He was immediately re-arrested and sent to jail in Greensburg, Ind., where his two alleged accomplices are confined. Between 1 and 2 A. M. on the 24th ult., the jailer,

**GERALD EYRE.**

[Photo by Sarony.]

**KATE CASTLETON.**

[Photo by Marc Gambler.]

THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

as it fell. The girl seized on the weapon and hastened away for a bucket of water which she threw over the stunned stranger. He revived, was told to move off at the muzzle of the pistol in the hands of a resolute woman and staggered away very much humiliated. Then the girl didn't flop down and faint but went right about her housework, vouchsafing only the remark:

"I guess dot fraud don't come round some more to fool mit poor womans."

When burglars wish to tackle that house hereafter they'll probably wait until all the women are away and only the men are in. At any rate they will be likely to steer pretty clear of Bertha Schlaeger after this manifestation of her pluck and prowess. The doctor has doubled her wages in consideration of her new branch of duty and girls of her calibre are in great demand in the neighborhood.

Murdered by a Gamecock.

A London, Eng., family moved to a suburb called Georges-in-the-Fields two months ago in order that the master of the house, named Andrews, might gratify a crank for raising fancy breeds of fowls. He had a daughter aged one year who shared the

**A TRAMP TAMED.**

A DANGEROUS RUFFIAN RAIDS A COUNTRY RESIDENCE NEAR STEUBENVILLE, O., AND GOES FOR THE YOUNG LADIES, BUT IS TACKLED BY A BRAVE SERVANT GIRL WHO LAYS HIM OUT.

William Toothman, was awakened by the ringing of the door bell to the residence part of the jail which is in front of the cells. He went to the door and was met by several men who demanded his keys. He refused to give them up, whereupon they threw a rope around his neck and dragged him up stairs to Garrett's cell. He still refused to produce the keys so they got a sledge hammer and with it battered in the cell door. When they rushed in Garrett knocked down the first comer with a chair but he was quickly overpowered and dragged down stairs on his face and head foremost. In the lower hall a noose was put about his neck, three men pulled him to the floor and a third stood on his prostrate body. Three armed men during this time guarded the jailer and his family, covering them with their pistols. By the time the mob reached the door their victim had been so maltreated that he could not walk and they had to carry him to the pavement. One of the party then climbed a tree and threw the rope over a limb and the rest pulled the body of the wretched man up and left it swinging. On a card pinned to the body was written, "Gone to meet Jesse James."

CROOKED LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The Mysteries of Metropolitan Crime and Criminals Unveiled.

By the Author of "The Man-traps of New York,"
"Furo Exposed," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

BURGLAR'S TOOLS TO RENT.

I have described the methods of the burglar in performing his work, now let us glance at the tools he employs in doing it. If the cracksmen had to buy his tools, it would be as expensive a matter to break into a store as to open one legitimately, almost, for any sort of a decent kit cannot be procured under at least a thousand dollars, and the tools for a big job will cost a dozen times as much. But nowadays there are ways of getting them without purchase.

What are they?

Well, one way is to rent them; either from the makers or from a capitalist who keeps up a supply for the purpose. There are two very distinct classes of tool makers for burglars—professional and non-professional, that is. Any mechanic will make tools which are ordered from him without troubling his conscience as to the use they are to be put to. Consequently a burglar will sometimes get a kit together by ordering one tool from one honest smith, another from another, and so on. The same man is never called on to make two articles for the set, and where tools are required in sections the different sections are generally ordered to accurate measurements of different artificers, and put together by the operators themselves. By this means a kit can be made up at half the usual price, but the method has several serious objections to it. It is slow and cumbersome, and there is always the peril of betrayal by some one of the outsiders employed; but, above all, tools made in this way are never as good as those made by the regular thieves' smith.

It is safe to say that the finest smithy work done anywhere is that carried on in the secret workshops of the burglars' tool-makers. The knowledge of these lawless artificers is vast and thorough. They possess curious secrets for toughening and refining metal, know every scientific fact bearing on their trade, and are quick to conceive and skillful to execute improvements in their tools. They will temper and harden a steel blade till it will cut the plate of a safe door as a can-opener will slice into a sardine-box, and make a tearing-vise or drag that will tear the door from a safe, as one will force the lid from a box. The metal and make of their tools is of the best. No honest workshop ever turned out more beautiful specimens for an exhibition than these right-hand men of the cracksmen furnish as ordinary productions.

And they charge for their work, too. The demand being limited, the trouble great and the inconvenience of working in secret, by no means a pleasant necessity, all these items go down in the bill. The result is that it takes a cracksmen with capital to own his own tools, and to lose them on an unsuccessful job is a serious matter. As a rule, the fence who backs the burglar in his schemes buys the necessary tools for it, and their cost is made good out of the common pot before the swag is divided. Of course the fence adds a handsome commission to the real cost of the implements. There may be honor among thieves, but there is none about the scoundrels who aid, abet and grow rich off their spoils. Sometimes a gang will make a pool to pay for their tools. Frequently, when half a dozen men make up a party, they will own nearly enough tools between them to do the work required. But by far the greatest portion of burglars' implements in use are hired for the purpose.

There are several men here who own splendid collections of tools for all forms of burglary, from simple house-breaking to bank-vault opening. Everything required is forthcoming from them, and for from fifty to a couple of hundred dollars, or often in consideration of a share of the plunder, the cracksmen is supplied with an outfit. If any tools are lost, the losers pay for them; but if the game is spoiled and the whole kit sacrificed the lessor has to stand the loss. It is not really great in proportion to the gains of the business, for the owner is generally a tool-maker himself, and his labor and the first cost of material constitute the extent of his sacrifice.

Not all of the tool-renters are tool-makers, though. There is a bar-room on the east side whose proprietor makes a business of supplying his best customers with the means of carrying on their trades, and a female fence, who has been frequently written of, but has generally kept out of serious trouble, owns a couple of chests full of the best and most improved forms of instruments. Several old cracksmen are now extensively engaged in the tool-renting trade. Some of these make their own tools. By-the-by, it may interest you to know that about fifty per cent. of the burglars of note in this country are practical smiths, and can forge a jimmy as well as use one.

Tool makers for burglars have their specialties. There are a couple of men here famous for the steel wedges and chisels they make. Another has a great reputation for fashioning ponderous hammers of lead and copper which do all the work of steel sledges and make much less noise. A few years ago an ingenious tool-maker experimented extensively in hardening steel. He ended by making a drill that will bore the hardest steel ever turned out of a foundry, an instrument more useful to the burglar and more dangerous to the public than any other in his kit. A tool-maker's wife once asked him to sharpen her can-opener for her. While doing so the idea suggested itself to him to apply the principle upon which that little instrument was constructed to a safe-opener. He made a tool out of a powerful bar, with a sharp steel jaw attached to it, pretty much as the can-opener is built, which will cut the front of a safe out like tin once it gets a hold.

I have seen skilled mechanics go into ecstasies over some of the burglars' tools now in common use. There is no more simple yet terrible invention than the great safe-drag. It originated in England, but has been extensively improved on here. By judiciously operating it the burglar can tear an ordinary safe literally to pieces. The greatest improvement American ingenuity has made in the drag is in the matter of weight. The first drags weighed from 300 to 500 pounds. It was almost as serious a job to lug one about as it was to commit a burglary. Now the weight is reduced to less than 100 pounds, and twice the effect secured at that.

Indeed this improvement is observable in all sorts of burglars' tools, and an entire kit can now be carried by one man, which will be more effective than a set of tools which twenty years ago required a wagon to move them.

In 1860 there were very few cases in which the inferior safes of the day were drilled into. Now there is not a safe made, for all the improvement in materials, which the cracksmen cannot make a hole in with his cutters and drills. There is one instrument, the invention it is said, of the burglar Howard, whose body was found up, in Westchester County a few years back, having been placed there by the pals who had murdered him, which is known as the double-ratchet drill. With this tool it is possible to bore a hole through a solid block of steel without making much more noise than you would in gleaning a hole in a plank.

To sum up, burglary is becoming more and more of an organized business every year. Even now capital is invested in it and profit calculated on as in the dry goods or any other trade. Certain men grow constantly richer by it, and these are not the men who work and suffer penalties, but those who back them; the silent members of these criminal partnerships. I remember reading a story once of an attempt made by a band of London burglars to tunnel their way into the vaults of the Bank of England. It would not surprise me to hear of such a scheme against the Sub-Treasury, any day.

CHAPTER VI.

BANK THIEVES.

The bank burglar and the bank thief operate on widely different plans, but both belong upon the same high plane of crime. But where the first is an aristocrat in his trade, the second is one in his appearance as well. It is the bank thief's chief hold that he dresses and looks so like a gentleman that no suspicion of his real character attaches to him till he gives valid reason for it by his acts.

The number of bank thieves in the metropolis is a small one, for the reason that there are comparatively few criminals who possess at once nerve and style enough to carry on that critical business.

Bank thieves usually work in pairs. They keep up a watch on a bank until circumstances favor them. Then they make a dead set for their prey.

Suppose, for instance, they see the paying teller cash a check for a large amount. The person who draws it turns aside to the wall desk to count the money over, while he is thus employed the thieves enter, one passes the man with the money, dropping a bill of his own at his feet. The other calls the victim's attention to it, saying:

"You've dropped some money, sir."
"Ah!" says the victim, looking down, "Thank you." And he stoops to pick the bill up.

As he does so, the first thief makes a grab for the money on the desk and is off. Commonly this is done so adroitly that the loser has no idea of it. It is usual never to take all the money. By leaving some on the desk the loser is given time to count it before discovering his loss, and meanwhile the thieves escape. It has been known that the loser has actually gone to the teller and accused him of having given him short cash, so little suspicions did he have of the true character of his loss.

The bank thief will walk into a bank and loiter around as if waiting there on business until the momentary absence of a clerk leaves a safe or a drawer unguarded. Then he seizes his opportunity and all he can lay hands on and is off. There have been instances where the thief has leaped a counter, seized an armful of bills, regained the front of the house and got off safely with his spoil.

Messengers, on their way to bank, are a pet prey of the bank thieves. Sometimes they simply garrote their victim and rob him of his bank book. At others one will jostle him in a crowd while the other snatches his book from his hand. It is a custom, nowadays, for messengers to carry money in a case fastened to their necks by a steel chain, but this is no protection from an adroit and determined bank thief, for he will sever the chain with a hipper carried hidden in the palm of his hand and gets off with the treasure anyhow.

Bank thieves have been known to walk up to the paying-teller's window, commence talking business to him while he counted money, and when the opportunity arrived, grab at the bills and make off in security with a handful.

One of the most famous bank thieves who ever operated was Chauncey Johnson. New York was the stamping ground of this royal rogue, and one of the best exemplifications of his audacity and nerve is thus told by my old colleague, Phil Farley.

One day Johnson walked into a Wall street bank, went behind the counter and taking off his coat and hanging it up, went to a desk and sitting down began to write. He waited there some time, coolly watching the chance of a roll of bills, bonds, or anything valuable of that nature. One of the clerks, sharper than the rest, being sure Johnson was a stranger, and had no business with the bank at that desk, asked him to leave. Johnson desired the clerk to mind his own business; adding that as soon as his friend, the president arrived, he would have the clerk punished.

The clerk was not to be put off that way, though some of his fellow-clerks whispered that the gentleman was all right, and he was making a mistake. He called for assistance and Johnson was compelled to move.

He went out of the bank in a state of high indignation, telling the clerk his place was not good for two days' purchase after the offence that had been committed on him. And even with his game thus nipped in the bud he contrived to get a package of \$1,000 into his pocket as he went out and the loss was never suspected till the day's work was balanced.

CHAPTER VII.

FORGERS AND CHECK RAISERS.

The crime of forgery is one which requires to be treated in a volume by itself, not in a chapter. It is a crime distinct from all others, and as such I may some day devote my attention to it. Forgers, besides, as a class, are less criminals by instinct than by accident and in a work dealing with professional "crooks" they scarcely have a place. There are forgers who make a business of that crime to the exclusion of all others, but they are merely individuals. As a rule, a man who commits a forgery is not a man who has actually devoted himself to a life of crime.

There is one form of forgery, though, which engages the attention of a special class of professional criminals. This form is what is known as check raising.

Check-raising belongs to the fine art of crime. The check-raiser is one of the most aristocratic of "crooks." Yet his work in itself is simple enough. It is simply

the perfection of its execution which lends it destruction.

The first necessity with the check-raiser is a check to raise. This is obtained in various ways. One is to order a bill of goods from a mercantile house, pay for them in a large note and take a check in change. Another is to purchase a check on the pretext of mailing it where an enclosure of money might not be safe. In short, there are no end of means by which the slip of paper on which the whole operation depends may be procured.

Once it is procured, the check-raiser goes to work without delay to perfect his nefarious scheme, and this is just where the fine art comes in.

Having obtained a check for \$10, say, drawn by a firm whose bank account is good (check-raisers, by the by, make a business of finding out depositors who are solvent so as never to overdraw in their operations and thus arouse suspicion at the bank), it is the artist's purpose to make the paper good for \$1,000 say. How does he do it? Well, these are some of the ways, for it must be known that most artists in this line have their special methods.

It must be borne in mind, to commence with, that in order to raise a check the amount written on it must be removed and another one written in. The fine point then, is to remove ink so as to leave no mark. After that the operation of filling in a new figure is easy. One successful stock forger used equal quantities of lapis calaminaris, common salt and rock alum, which he boiled for half an hour in white wine in a pipkin, or he used a fine sponge shaped like a pencil, which he dipped in equal quantities of nitre and vitrol distilled. As he passed this point over the ink it came right out. Sometimes equal quantities of sulphur and powdered saltpetre, both distilled, were used. For a long time the police did not understand what use was made of a little ball that now and then was found in the possession of a man arrested for check-raising. This turned out to be made of alkali and sulphur and was used for removing ink.

It is hard to find an ink that will not disappear under one plan of treatment or another. I knew a check-raiser who had a small laboratory. He kept bottles of acids of all sorts and a case of camel's hair brushes. With a small quantity of oxalic or muriatic acid, somewhat diluted, and a camel's hair pencil he could paint out any number of ink spots. One or two applications followed by the use of a blotting pad, would restore the paper to primitive purity. It requires skill and an accurate knowledge of chemicals to use any of these plans so as to not injure the texture of the paper or discolor it. In the paper is injured it is not so easy to write upon it again, but by the use of finely powdered pounce, rubbed in lightly with the finger and burnished with an ivory folder, the paper can be repaired. Common writing ink, however, is best removed by the use of oxygenated muriatic acid.

But the new style of checks, with the amount cut through the paper with a die, are hard to alter. Take, for instance, a check with a revenue stamp in old gold color in the centre, and broad lines of red ink are drawn close up to the amount written in. There is another broad line of red ink after the name of the payee. Up in the left hand corner, where the amount is in figures, you will see that the figures are also cut in between two stars, which are likewise cut through the paper. On the reverse side of the check just over these cut figures is pasted a pink strip which brings the cut figures out in such relief that they cannot be altered without detection. The only way to alter that check is to take out the first written word in the amount in the body of the check, and the amount in the corner, and after replacing them with the raised sum, to inlay a piece of check-paper in the place of the cut figures.

This inlaying process requires great care and only one or two men in this country are able to do it. The cut figures must be carefully cut out by a sharp razor-like tool, and cut in such a way that the edges of the opening will be bevelled. Then a fresh bit of check paper must be shaped to the size of the opening, and fitted in with its edges also bevelled. The edges must be held together with a paste made of flour and strained resin, and carefully pressed. Some pounce rubbed over the lines will conceal the patch unless there is a strong light, and then with the same die that bankers use raised figures can be inserted. The work is delicate and is not often attempted, as it involves the risk of ruining the check for the amount for which it is good.

By the way, the cutting of figures into the check had a curious origin. After a big forgery caused by a raised check some one wrote a letter to a newspaper, suggesting that the amount for which checks are drawn should be cut through the paper. The suggestion was at once adopted by a man who made a fortune from it.

Since Brockway, the forger and counterfeit, was released by the government upon surrendering his tools and plates and promising to sin no more, he has invented a method of rendering checks non-raisable, which is now being generally adopted.

The chances, therefore, are that before many years have elapsed, check-raising will have become a lost art, and this chapter of our work will be historical.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PINNED WITH A PITCHFORK.

Murderous Attack of an Old Man and His Son on a Cripple.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Two residents of Dubuque, Arthur Turner and Jos. Ritson Graves, got into a dispute and a fight on the 27th ult. that ended fatally. There has been trouble between the Graves and Turner families for some months and being neighbors they have passed the days and nights in wrangling. Graves is a one-armed man, having lost a limb in a railroad accident, but this did not prevent old man Turner knocking him down and beating him so severely about the face that his eyes were closed by the swelling.

When the old man had him down and had beaten the cripple until he was dazed, young Turner, aged 19, son of the first assailant, came on the scene to finish off the job. He was armed with a three-tined pitchfork which he jabbed into his victim with vicious energy, wounding him frightfully in the right hand, the groin, the side and the abdomen. A brother of Graves, only a lad, rushed to his assistance but Turner stabbed him too in the side, the wound, owing to the thickness of the boy's clothing, being only slight.

Old Turner then got an axe with the avowed intention of chopping open the prostrate man's head when Graves' older brother came on the scene and turned the tables. The murderous father and his son were arrested and locked up. Turner claims that the one-armed man was the aggressor and that he acted in self defence.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Quips, Cranks, and Fancies of Venus

Vicious Brat.

On the 18th ult. when the schooner Sarah B. Harris was ready to sail from Boston to Eastport, Me., it was found that the captain, James Hickey, had disappeared. A wealthy married lady named Mrs. Dickerson had also disappeared, leaving her husband, several children and a palatial residence. It is presumed that she fell in love with the jolly old sea dog and the pair have hied them to the orange groves of the south for a honeymoon term.

HENRIETTA DILL, of West Milton, Ohio, was beloved by Augustus Hinkle. He wrote to her to meet him in the orchard one evening last week. The letter fell into the old man's hands. He dressed himself in his daughter's clothes and repaired to the trysting place. When Augustus folded the form he believed in the dark to be his loved one's to his breast at the same time felt his cheek scratched by a beard and a pistol bullet penetrated his shoulder. He ran off wailing and now wants damages.

A young girl of Quincy, Ill., named Sarah Rogers, aged 20, called at the house of Otis Allen on the 24th ult. to get some of her articles of wearing apparel, having left the service of Mrs. Allen three weeks before. She was in very high spirits and chatted merrily with the members of the family. She was especially pleasant with the son of Mr. Allen and it was hinted that there were tender relations existing between them. The young woman went up to her old room with a merry laugh. A few minutes after a pistol shot was heard and the family rushed up and found that she had committed suicide by shooting herself through the head. There is a theory that the shooting was accidental but the gossips prefer to give the affair a more romantic cast.

PATRICK FEENEY was a member of the Silgo, Ireland, police force and in 1879 married there Miss Bridget Kelly. She handed over to him her little fortune amounting to £250, which he deposited in the bank in his own name. He then sent her to the country for her health while he courted and married Mary Moriarty who left him before the honeymoon was over. Then he went to Cookstown, married a Miss Thomas Brown and with her sailed to America. Mrs. Feeny No. 1 and Mrs. Feeny No. 2 then put their heads together and determined to hunt down that Johnnie stock concern, their husband. They found him in Chicago, Ill., on the 14th ult. While Mr. Feeny and Mrs. Feeny No. 3 were at breakfast with their two children they were surprised by the appearance of a police officer with the first two wives and now Patrick the "Bobby" is in a dungeon cell. All that Bridget wanted is an order to draw her money in the bank in Ireland but wives Nos. 2 and 3 will be content with nothing short of poor Patrick's scalp.

ENGEL AND HIS PRETTY CLERK.

How a Philadelphia Merchant Came Near Getting into a Terrible Scrape.

[With Portraits.]

It will be remembered by the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE that an account was given a short time ago of the arrest of Charles H. Engel, iron broker of Philadelphia, upon the affidavit of Ida V. Baignt, of Columbia, Pa., charging him with attempted rape while the young woman was employed in his house as seamstress. This charge having been withdrawn a few days later, Ida Baignt was arrested for perjury and bound over to appear on April 25.

A representative of the POLICE GAZETTE wishing to learn the true inwardness of the case called upon the parties involved and elicited the following facts:

Charles H. Engel has been acquainted with Miss Baignt, who is a rather handsome brunette of stylish appearance, about 22 years of age, for some time, having met her in Harrisburg and Columbia. Ida has been engaged by him as a seamstress and corresponding clerk for several weeks when he, having heard several unsavory reports in reference to her character and actions previous to his acquaintance with her and even while in his employ, determined to discharge her. Upon requesting Miss Baignt to leave she became greatly enraged and refused to do so, threatening at the same time to make trouble for him unless he should give her \$500.

Engel refusing to comply with her request she rushed for the house, No. 1,402 Parrish street, and appeared before magistrate Brown in a condition which would lead him to believe an attempt at rape had been made, swore to that effect. Ida then returned to the house accompanied by an officer with a warrant for Engel's arrest, whereupon she repeated her request for \$500, promising to withdraw the charge.

Engel again refused to comply with her demand, knowing that he had in his possession indisputable evidence in respect to her loose character, denied the truth of her charge in presence of the officer whereupon Engel was unmolested. The District Attorney hearing of the case took it in hand and a few days later had Engel and Ida arrested, the former upon the charge sworn to by Ida and the latter as a witness. Upon trial Miss Baignt when placed upon the witness stand denied the truth of her charge, thus acquitting Engel. She was then arrested for perjury and held in \$10,000 bail. Some spy revelations are expected when her case gets fairly under way.

"POKE" WELLS GETS FREE.

Grievously Wounded and in the Hospital He Chastely reforms His Doctors and Nurses and Escapes.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our readers will remember that a few weeks ago we published a portrait of the noted desperado and train robber, "Poke" Wells, with a thrilling account of his capture by Sheriff Farrell at Randolph, Wis., of his fight between the Sheriff and his prisoner, how he used his pistols freely and his prisoner was wounded in the breast, the ball penetrating just above the heart. He was captured but it was necessary to place him for treatment in the hospital of the penitentiary at Fort Madison, Iowa.

While he has been lying under the hands of the physicians apparently suffering great agony he has been plotting with two other patients to break out. On May 1, at an early hour in the morning, the three attacked the hospital nurses and physicians on duty, breaking medicine bottles over their heads and chests, forming them into insensibility. Then the three made a hole in the iron roof and made their escape.

Wells has been a terror for years and has a few as a bank robber and desperado second only to that Jesse James himself. The people will not feel safe while he is at large.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Gossip of the Parsons, the Brethren and the Sisters.

A Methodist Scrap where Brethren who Wrestled in Prayer, came near "Slogging" in Earnest.

ON the 20th ult. Stewart Harley, aged 19, son of Rev. A. G. Harley, of Centerville, Md., shot and killed himself. The excuse offered is that he was subject to fits.

THERE having been some doubt expressed as to Jesse James' religion, Rev. G. W. Rogers, pastor of the Baptist church of Austin, Texas, writes that he baptised Jesse in 1877 at Kearney, Mo. This settles it. Jesse is an angel of the cold water species.

REV. L. M. WALTERS, of the Congregational church in Bedford, Iowa, finding one of the members, J. E. Houston, obnoxious because he was severe in his strictures on the parson's theology, had him turned out of church. Two Sundays ago Houston and his whole family, a wife and buxom daughter, raided the church, dragged the parson out of the pulpit, wiped the floor with him and pounded him black and blue amid great excitement.

REV. OTTO TELLE, of St. Paul's Lutheran church of St. Louis, Mo., has resigned report says, on invitation of his parishioners. It is rumored that he has been fired out because he ventured to suggest to a young lady aged 16 that as she had no beau yet he would like to be one to her. In view of the fact that he has a wife and children this was not the proper clerical caper; which is just where they showed that their heads are not level on the point of new fashions in the duties. If they were up with the times and read the POLICE GAZETTE religious department they would be aware that they all do it. Mr. Telle says however that this scandal is baseless and that the reason he resigned is that there was some opposition to him in the church owing to the fact that he did not belong to the Synod.

ANBURY Methodist church in Washington Square, N. Y., is in a financial hole and in wriggling to get out the brethren have made some pretty lively rhetorical passes at each other. There is a mortgage of \$21,000 on the property and the brethren met on the night of the 4th inst. to see if they couldn't pray the incubus away but the petitionary racket wouldn't work; the Lord stayed away from the meeting and declined to put up a miracle as collateral for their relief and take out His interest in prayers. Then the brethren got to calling each other liars and accusing well known saints of the fold of having speculated with the church funds to lay up a store of wealth for themselves on earth while they should have been securing corner lots in the other world cheap for cash. The scene was a very excited one and several times verged on the boundaries of a free fight. The participants were Rev. Dr. Ferris, the pastor, Dr. M. S. Terry, and the brethren Claussen, Roden, Belmont, Morton, Seaman, Lovett, Livingston and Stevens. The original parsonage of the church was converted at great expense into a tenement house where people were stowed in boxes called suites of flats. These did not pay from the start and the church has been running into debt at the rate of \$900 a year for six years instead of paying off its \$21,000 mortgage. Being unable to influence the Lord to interfere the saintly crew show a disposition to turn to the devil and lug him in by the scruff, the neck, horns, tail and all, in the shape of a lawyer.

BEAUTY ON A BUST.

A Stirring Episode in a New York Palace Where Women Eat, Drink and Get Merry.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The demoralization of women, especially our New York belles, has been terrible within the past decade. The custom of keeping certain tony beer saloons and restaurants furnished for ladies and offering especial inducements for their patronage is working havoc with charming womanhood. The capacity for beer and heavier beverages is strongly developed in girls of 15 and the allurements of these gilded palaces of vice are so many and so powerful that the tipping habit begins to have quite as strong a charm among women generally as it has among men.

In the neighborhood of all the large dry goods and notion houses there are beer saloons and rum selling restaurants which depend in great part for their profit on the patronage of shopping ladies. The scenes in these places are always shocking and sometimes horrifying to the sober male observer who is not up to the times in regard to the bibulous tendencies of lovely woman.

It was only a week ago that a young girl, evidently of respectable connections, being overcome by unwonted potations at a dinner in which she and a shopping friend from Stamford, Conn., indulged, acted in a manner that not only threw the establishment into disorder but necessitated the stern interference of the guardians of the peace. Remonstrated with for her boisterous speech, the young woman bombarded the waiter and proprietor with a Mayonnaise, a tureen of soup, the castor and all the dishes she could lay her hands on. It took three policemen to get her out of the place and they have all been measured for new uniforms since they did the job.

She was let off with a fine but her secret and her name have been kept. But the keeper of the gilded den who sold her the maddening drink was not even called on to excuse his sin.

If there are any dens in New York that need especial attention and that should be closed up first they are the open palaces that are making drunkards or the best of our women and giving our young girls a start on the downward path of vice.

GERALD EYRE.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Gerald Eyre, now of Wallack's Theatre, was born in 1853, of an Irish father and Swiss mother, and after the usual preliminaries entered Trinity College, Dublin, from which he ran away to become an actor. After six months' tough utility business he was engaged as juvenile man for E. D. Davis' troupe, with which he remained over a year. Following this he supported Miss Marriott in the principal towns of Great Britain for two years and then as juvenile in the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, he played principal parts with Miss Neilson, Ada Cavendish, Charles Matthews and Barry Sullivan. After a short tour with Miss Marriott John Coleman engaged Mr. Eyre to play the Duke of

Kent and to stage manage his splendid production of "Henry V." through the principal cities. Following this he played leading business in Belfast, and then was specially engaged for Charles Frohbe, in "Notre-Dame," in the Theatre Royal, Nottingham. In this he made a signal success, so much so that he shares with the London original, Mr. James Fernandez, critical and public favor. In 1879 Mr. Bandmann engaged Mr. Eyre as leading actor in his English company, en route for the United States. He appeared with Mr. Bandmann in the Standard Theatre on the 10th of September, 1879, in "Narcisse," which he followed with *Claude Melnotte*, *Bassano* and other romantic roles, in all of which he was warmly commended by the press. Mr. Wallack secured his services and he played in the Thirteenth street theatre on the 6th of December in Lancaster's play, "Estelle." In "Old Heads and Young Hearts," which followed, Mr. Eyre made an unqualified hit as "Tom Coke," and has done more than well ever since, scoring a particularly good mark in "The World," and afterwards in "Youth" at the new Wallack's Theatre.

CHRISTIAN SAVAGERY.

Two Daughters Battle for Their Mother's Corpse in Her Grave.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Williams Street Cemetery in Plainfield, N. J., was the theatre of a terrible scene on the afternoon of the 30th ult. Two women, sisters, engaged in a desperate and disgraceful fight over and in the grave of their mother. The trouble had its rise in religious differences, one sister being a Catholic and the other a Protestant.

The deceased was a Mrs. Farrington who lived about seven miles from Plainfield, near Bound Brook. All Mrs. Farrington's family are Catholics except one daughter who married a Protestant named Wolfe, of Bound Brook, and adopted his religion. When Mrs. Farrington died he went to his daughters to get money to bury her but none of them except Mrs. Wolfe could furnish the necessary funds. She raked together the money and made arrangements to bury the body in William Street cemetery in Plainfield, which is a Protestant institution.

At Evona, one mile from Plainfield, the funeral was overtaken by a wagon containing the Catholic daughter, her husband and her two brothers. They stopped the hearse in a violent manner and forbade the burial of the remains in a Protestant cemetery. The undertaker, in a quandary between the two parties, drove on to the station house in Plainfield and there got a couple of officers to join the funeral party.

At the cemetery the Catholic daughter and her husband in spite of the warning of Captain Dodd made a terrible scene. The grave diggers hurried the body into the grave but the furious woman sprang in and attempted to haul the corpse out. Her sister, Mrs. Wolfe, interfering she attacked her and beat her severely, trying to brain her with a stout stick used by the cemetery people to rest the coffin on. A great crowd of sympathizers had gathered in the graveyard and showed every disposition to espouse the side of the protesting party and it was only by the employment of tact and promptness that Captain Dodd succeeded in getting the women apart and having Wolfe and his wife driven away safely in their carriage.

ANOTHER OFFICIAL GONE WRONG.

[With Portrait.]

On Jan. 1, Adam M. Dundore, of Reading, Pa., whose portrait we give in this issue, retired from the office of County Treasurer, and shortly after Frank R. Schell, attorney for the county Commissioners, discovered a shortage in Dundore's accounts of \$25,000 of taxes, etc., due the county. He was called on to make good this deficit which he did in part, by making payments at different times until the sum of \$20,000 had been returned. But on the 7th ult., the discovery was made, it is alleged, that he was also a defaulter of the money due the State for hotel licenses, etc., in the amount of another \$25,000. He disappeared when these revelations began to be whispered but returned on the 20th ult., and gave himself up. He succeeded in securing bail in a large amount after languishing a few days in durance vile, and is now out preparing to defend himself with legal weapons.

"NOW THEN, COME HOME, CHARLEY."

[Subject of Illustration.]

An ornament of the Mining Board in New York, young and well-to-do, has excited the curiosity of his acquaintances recently, by the devotion with which he has clung to a somewhat shabby boarding house, which in his hard up days he first found shelter in. A friend ventured to ask him why he didn't move to sweller quarters. "Because I'm too well fixed," was the reply.

"How so?"

"Well, you see, they know my habits there, and if I get off on a toot they know where to look for me, and the old woman sends the two girls after me to fetch me home. Where would I get a swell landlady to do that for me I'd like to know; nowhere, so I'll stick to the old ranche as long as the family sticks to me." Which he does.

PATRICK GLANCY, THE ELOPER.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we present the portrait of Patrick Glancy, a peculiarly amorous expressman of Washington, D. C., who undertook the impossible task of running two fully equipped families on one meagre salary. Finding he could not do this peacefully or profitably he abandoned his wife on the 8th of January and left Washington, taking with him his second love, Minnie Dillon aged 25, her mother aged 45, and his two children, Mary aged 6, and Frances aged 4 years. Glancy's wife is frantic over the loss of her children and while perfectly willing to let him go, is searching every where for them. He is a man 5 feet 5 in height, with dark brown hair, and a large red moustache, which is the marked feature of his face.

THE FATE OF LIEUT. DE LONG

On the 5th inst. intelligence was received in Washington in a despatch from the Lena Delta, dated March 24, and signed by Melville, to the effect that the search for Lieut. De Long, of the Jeannette, had ended in the finding of the dead bodies of the Lieutenant and his whole party in the frozen wilds. All the ship's books and papers and De Long's diary of his terrible march through the Arctic wastes in the vain struggle for life are recovered and will be found sufficient basis for a vivid volume or two to be added to the history of the terrors of Arctic exploration.

POOR JENNIE CRAMER.

The Malley Boys' and Their Wanton Pal on the Rack.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The mother of the murdered girl, Jennie Cramer, was in the hands of the lawyers in the New Haven, Conn., court-room for two days last week, and gave such testimony as is likely to go far towards turning the jury against the petted and pampered Lotharios who hold levees every day in court before the resumption of the trial which is supposed to involve a question of life or death for them. During this testimony the counsel for Blanche Douglass showed their hand and betrayed their little game. It is now a certainty that Blanche has been only playing an artful part in court. It was, clearly, agreed on beforehand between her and the Malleys that they should not notice each other and that they should pretend to have quarrelled and become mortal foes. This game, although very well played as far as it went, is easily seen through when the whole party becomes frightened by the accumulation of unexpected and damaging testimony against them collectively—then they fly together, and their united counsel rally around them as if there were a perfect understanding between them. This party is as artfully crooked in its legal pretences as it was in its simulation of honor in the eyes of Jennie Cramer when she was being lured to her ruin and death.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Christine Cramer, the mother of the murdered girl, testified that she last saw Jennie alive the Thursday before the Saturday on which her dead body was found. This was the morning after she had passed a night in the Malley's house. Witness continued: Jennie was accompanied by Blanche Douglass who came to excuse Jennie's absence the night before and assured the mother that the girl had slept in her, Blanche's, room in the hotel. Then witness upbraided her daughter and said that she would have to get a new home if she went out and remained away all night. Witness then left the room and in the few moments she was away Jennie and Blanche disappeared and witness never saw her daughter again living. Mrs. Cramer then identified several letters found in Jennie's effects after her death. They were invitations to the girl from James Malley and Blanche Douglass. One of these, signed by James Malley, but said to have been written by John Duff at his dictation, was found peculiarly significant and had a startling effect on the Lotharios and their wanton, who quite forgot the parts they are acting in their alarm. The letter runs as follows on a sheet bearing the printed heading of the Malleys' store:

DEAR FRIEND: Would you like to drive out to the shore with a party of four of us and have supper and music? Please say yes, and we will call for you.

Yours, etc., JAMES MALLEY.

Blanche Douglass was evidently alarmed by the turn affairs had taken and her efforts to repress her agitation gave her that cold, stony glare and brazen air so peculiar to women of her class. In that aspect a glance at her in spite of her beauty would reveal what she is. On the 5th inst. Mrs. Cramer was again on the stand and was glared at fiercely by the three prisoners, the Douglass woman especially bestowing on the poor woman that cold, sneaky look peculiar to the heartless women of her vile class.

Witness said that among other letters was one that had been sent when Jennie was out of the city for a brief visit to her little sister at New Brighton. Witness opened and read it in her daughter's absence. It is as follows:

"NEW HAVEN, Aug. 3, 1881.

"DEAR MISS CRAMER: Have been expecting to see you the last two days. Jim is going to bring me to Walter's house this evening and I would so much like to have you join us. Can you call some time this afternoon? Yours in haste, BLANCHE."

On August 4 witness went to James Malley's store and asked if he knew where Jennie was but he replied he thought she was safe at home. Told him Jennie had been home that morning with Miss Douglass but had gone away with her again, but he professed ignorance of her whereabouts.

Mrs. Matilda Miller, a young and pretty woman, a friend of Jennie's, took the stand and testified that Jennie and Blanche passed her house together between 2 and 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Aug. 4 (after Jennie had left her mother for the last time) witness recognizing both parties and describing the Douglass woman's hat, parasol and dress, despite a bunch of twenty intervening telegraph wires through which she had to see them.

Mrs. Minnie Klippstein, who lives opposite the Elliott House, testified to seeing Jennie (whom she had known from childhood) standing at the ladies' entrance of the hotel with Blanche between 2 and 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Aug. 4—after she had left her mother. Witness also saw her standing at a window in one of the rooms. In the same room were a lady and gentleman.

THE SIGNOR DECLINES TO GET LEFT.

How a Juggling Artist Gained the Attention of a Hotel Waiter.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The "Quincuplex Aggregation" of variety talent has been taking in the South during the past two months of the traveling season, doing queer business all the way North, and finally being reduced to the necessity of living and traveling on their wardrobe. Very naturally, under the circumstances, the landlords do not enjoin their employees to treat the talented members of the Quincuplex like princes; on the contrary, there seems to be some secret understanding among the waiters that they shall not be treated at all if they can help it.

The members have noticed ruefully that during the past two or three weeks, with their increasing seediness there has been a corresponding decrease of attention at the table and deference in the offices of the hotels they have patronized to the extent of leaving as a tribute to the landlords such part of their baggage as they could not escape with under cover of the night.

One noble soul, that of Signor Glazlin, the knife juggler, fire eater and sword swallower, revolted at this treatment, and the Signor vowed he would no longer stand it. It was the 15th of April; the place a little hotel in a dismal suburb of Louisville, Ky.; the time noonday—the hour for the heavy hash eat of the day. Signor Glazlin had attempted three in vain to give his order to the rushing waiters. All around him were wagging jaws and aggravating processes of mastication and infernal deglutition. The Signor could not see his waiter for lack of the wherewithal, forsooth. Then rose he in his rage, and seizing a carving-knife and fork, measured a waiter with his eye. The laden mental quaked beneath his glance, and seemed about

to drop the viands he bore (bribed caitiff as he was) to those fortunates who could fee him, but did not move. The knife whistled through the air and buried its point in the door behind the servant, just grazing his head. The fork followed on the other side of his caput. And there behold, imprisoned by the cutlery and his eyes starting from his head in the horror of the moment. Then up spoke the Signor:

"Knaave, stand still and hear me. Bring me forthwith a bountiful plate of corned beef and potatoes, and beans, and bread and what else of dainties the house affords, and bestir yourself. I will have your attention."

He got it, and the bountiful repast of that day nerved him for the gymnastic feats of his escape from his hotel window that night, and his walk for many a weary mile along the railroad ties the following day.

"Ah-ha!" said he one day last week as he was posing in Union Square ogling the pretty ladies as they passed wondering what great dramatic war he was, "Play the Signor for a sucker, will they? Well, I guess it'll be an extremely frigid day when he gets left."

And we guess so, too.

IRELAND IN AMERICA.

The National Land League, its Work and the Chief Officers of the Organization.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue are printed excellent pictures of the two most important officers chosen by the recent Irish National Land League Convention at Washington. As the organization is at present the president and secretary are the principal executive officers. Both reside in Buffalo, N. Y., and are sitting up offices in the Arcade in that city in which to transact their business.

The President, James Mooney, is a prominent real estate dealer and a highly respected citizen. He was born in Ardelegan, near Carlow, Queen's county, Ireland, and is nearly 44 years old. In 1850 his family removed to Buffalo and James prospered, holding the important office of receiver of taxes in 1860. Since then he has been in the real estate business. His wife was a Rochester lady, Miss Ella L. McRoden. Mr. Mooney has been a prominent spirit in the land league agitation and is a generous, whole souled man.

The secretary, John J. Hynes, was born in Buffalo of Irish parents on May 25, 1850. He attended the public schools until he was admitted to the central high school. He then went into his father's grocery and stayed there until he entered the city comptroller's office. Afterward he became chief engrossing clerk of the Erie County Clerk's office. He has been elected supervisor of the 1st ward, the largest in the city, twice. The ward is of opposite politics to Mr. Hynes and his victories were remarkable tributes to his talents. He was one of the organizers of McMahon's corps, 74th regiment, and held the rank of captain. He served seven years in the company. Mr. Hynes was a prominent mover in organizing the first branch of the land league in Buffalo and has always been an earnest, indefatigable and sincere exponent of the cause of freedom in Ireland.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

THE vigilantes of Baxter County, Texas, have become the terror of horse thieves during the past two months. A Mexican named Senobio Martinez, accused of horse stealing, was taken out into the woods on the night of the 20th ult., by a masked band and hanged to a tree. The vigilantes failed to tie their victim's hands, however, and he clung to the rope for six hours easing up his throat until daylight came and a passer-by cut him down. He escaped to San Antonio, where he told the story of his terrible experience.

On the 28th ult. a negro named Frank Fisher assaulted Barbara Rettig, aged 13, whom he met on the road near Gallon, Ohio. He knocked the child down and ravished her repeatedly during an hour and then left her insensible. Twenty-five armed men went on the trail and inside of twelve hours he had been captured and hanged.

On the 21st ult., William Brown, a negro convict who had been sentenced at Independence, Mo., to a term in state prison for larceny, was taken out of his cell to be prepared for the journey to the penitentiary. He broke away from the officers and flung himself headlong down the stone stairs leading from the upper to the lower story of the jail. The fall paralyzed his spine and broke several ribs and he lingered in great agony until the 28th ult., when he died. He had told the officers beforehand that he preferred death to imprisonment.

A negro convict who had escaped from a working gang in camp at Linden, La., and had been recaptured with others, on the 28th ult., was overcome by witnessing the agony of a white man who was whipped with the "cat" until his flesh hung in strips. It was the negro's turn next, but he drew a razor from under a stone where he had concealed it and cut his throat from ear to ear to escape the punishment.

A MEDAL FOR RIFLEMEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In this week's issue we publish a fac-simile picture of the POLICE GAZETTE medal offered by Richard K. Fox for the glass ball rifle shooting championship. The trophy will be competed for at the Lone Fisherman's Inn, Erie, Pa., in June. The contestants for the trophy will forward their names to the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE. No entrance fee will be charged, and the medal will be competed for ten times. The winner of the greatest number of competitions will be awarded the trophy. In each contest the contestants will be required to shoot at 25 glass balls from a spring trap 21 yards rise. John E. Graham, the champion rifle shot, will have the management of each tournament. The trophy is of solid gold and a magnificent work of the jewelers' art.

KATE CASTLETON.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Kate Castleton, whose portrait we present with this issue of our Footlight Favorites, is a young actress whose native ability has raised her from the variety stage to a prominent position in the legitimate drama. In her performances of the lighter musical roles of the present day she is in many senses unique, and in her recent appearances in "All at Sea" in this city, her hit was as spontaneous and marked as it was deserved. Miss Castleton adds a rich store of intelligent artistic capacity to the advantages of a charming person, a combination which the theatre-going public is fortunate in possessing the title to.



A RELIGIOUS DISPUTE.

TWO DAUGHTERS OF CONFLICTING FAITHS BATTLE IN A CEMETERY AT PLAINFIELD, N. J., OVER THE CORPSE OF THEIR MOTHER.



A DRUNKEN MAN'S FREAK.

A PITTSBURG MAN CLIMBS THE COAL SLIDE AND APPEARS ON THE SIDEWALK WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE FIRST PRETTY ANKLE WITHIN REACH.



BEAUTY ON THE RAMPAGE.

A YOUNG DAMSEL, LOADED WITH WINE, WHOOPS IT UP IN A NEW YORK RESTAURANT IN THE COURSE OF HER FIRST AFTER MATINEE SPREE.



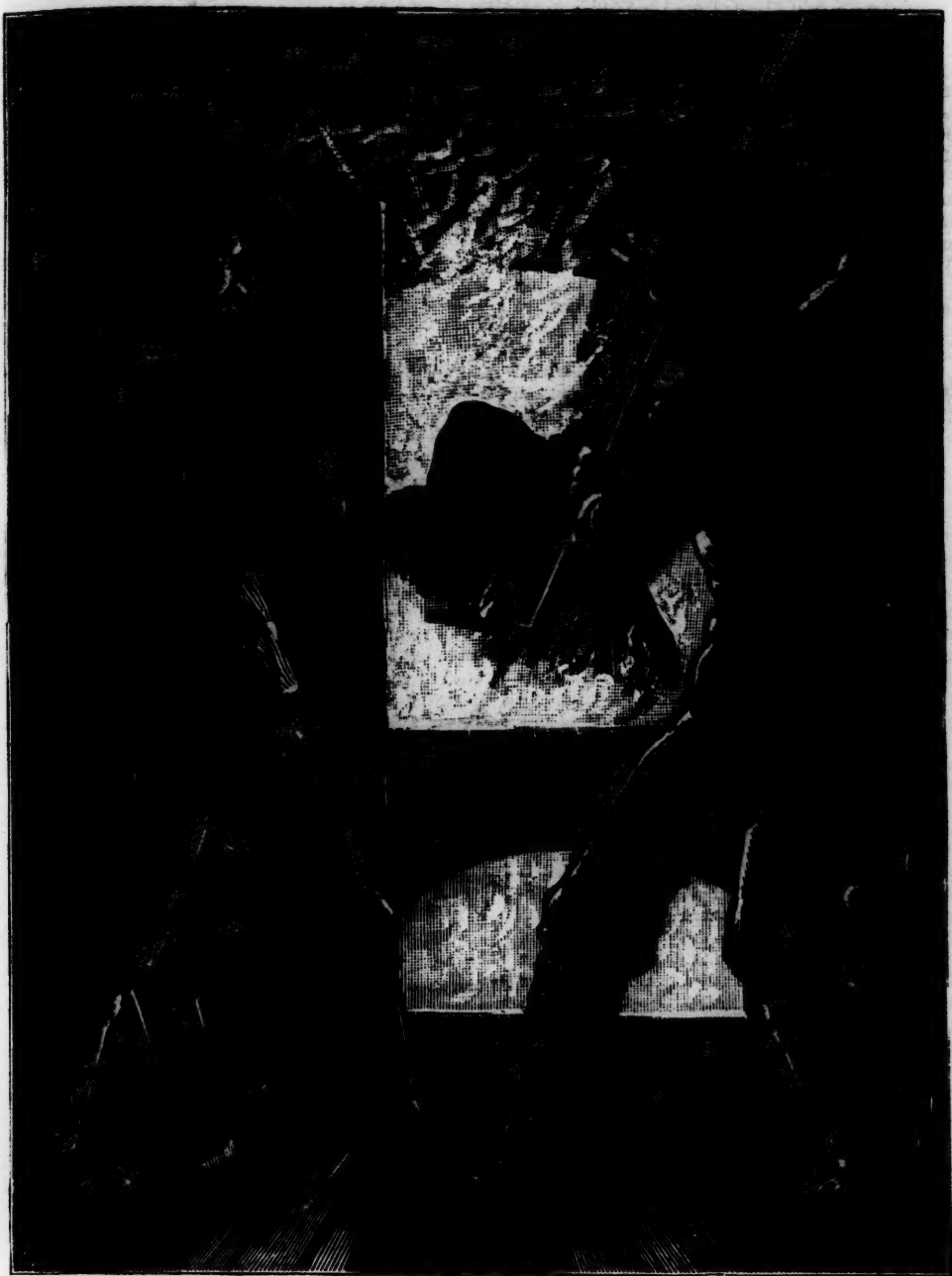
NAILING HIS MAN.

A HUNGRY JUGGLER COMMANDS THE ATTENTION OF A NEGLIGENT WAITER BY THE EXERCISE OF HIS KNIFE-THROWING SKILL IN A LOUISVILLE, KY., HOTEL.



A BOY FIEND.

A ONE-ARMED MAN BEATEN AND STABBED WITH A PITCHFORK IN THE HANDS OF A BLOOD-THIRSTY YOUNGSTER AT DUBUQUE, IOWA.



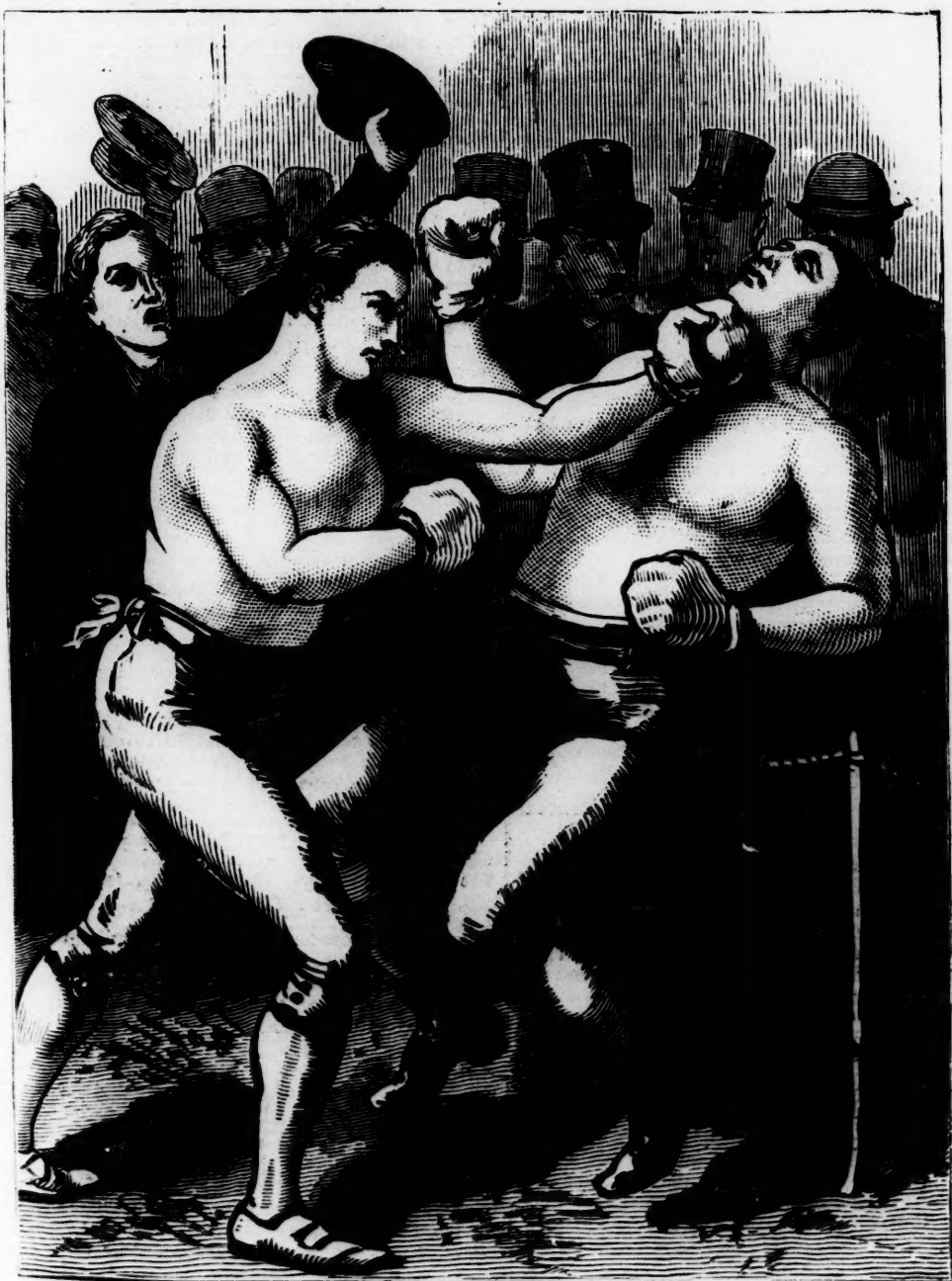
FATE OF A MISSING ENGLISH HEIR.

ESCAPING HIS JEALOUS RELATIVES AS A STOWAWAY ON AN OCEAN STEAMER, HE IS EFFECTUALLY PUT OUT OF THE WAY BY FIREMEN IN THEIR PAY.



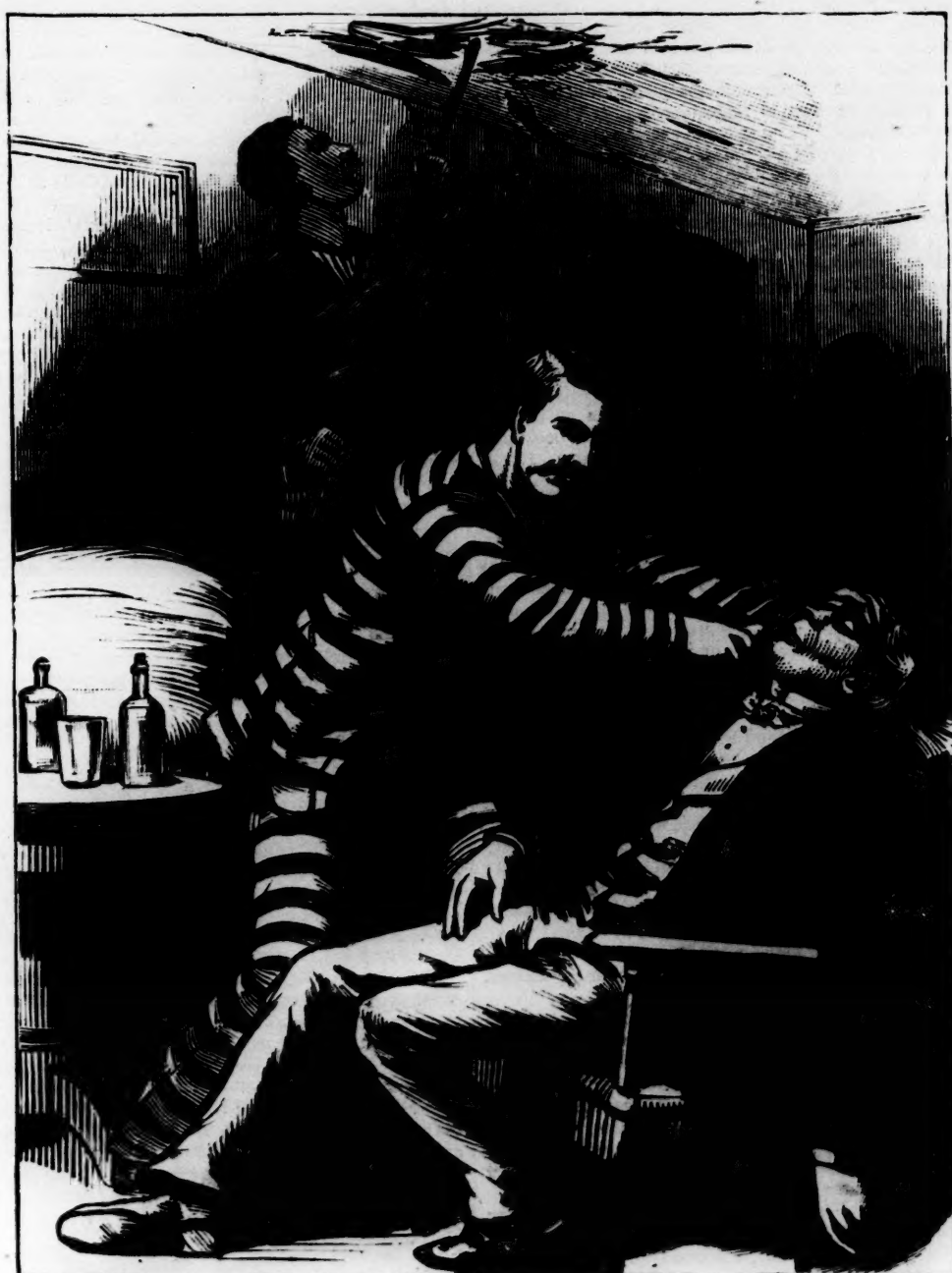
AN ACTOR MAKES A "HIT."

LILIAN CLEVES POLISHED OFF IN PROFESSIONAL STYLE IN A FIGHT WITH HER HUSBAND AT CLEVELAND, O.



A BRIEF REIGN OF "TERROR."

JIM ELLIOTT MEETS EGAN, OF TROY, AND WINS HIS HUNDRED DOLLARS BY EASILY KNOCKING HIM OUT AT IRVING HALL, N. Y.



"POKE" WELLS DOSES HIS DOCTORS.

THE WOUNDED DESPERADO ESCAPES FROM THE HOSPITAL IN THE FORT MADISON, IOWA, PENITENTIARY, AFTER CHLOROFORMING HIS PHYSICIANS AND NURSES.

RAKING BIG MONEY.

Death in Prison of the Leader of the Northampton Bank Robbers.

The Convict Makes a Will Disposing of a Fortune and Revives Memories of a Great Enterprise.

[With Portraits.]

[Special Correspondence of the POLICE GAZETTE.]

BOSTON, May 8, 1932.—There died on the 27th ult. in Concord state prison, of consumption, after a year's illness, Robert C. Scott, the leader in the great robbery of the Northampton National Bank at Northampton, Mass., on the morning of Jan. 26, 1926, a robbery which in its conception and execution was far in advance of anything of like character recorded in the annals of crime in this country.

Five years ago the Northampton National Bank was the most prosperous of the financial institutions of that western Massachusetts town. It had a capital of \$100,000 and a surplus three-fourths as large. Its stock was selling in the market at \$100 per share, its management was conservative and in nothing did the forethought of its officers appear more conspicuous than in the precautions which they had taken against burglary.

Inside the massive bank building, which stands on one of the principal street corners of the town, was a solid vault. To unlock the outer door of the vault several keys were required and these keys were distributed among as many bank officers. Inside the vault also the obstacles to successful burglary seemed insuperable. There were two inner doors, each with its combination of four sets of figures; there was a new and solid safe with double doors, each also with its combinations of four figures; finally a watchman stationed within the building kept guard until 4 o'clock each morning.

In the bank were deposited not only the securities of individuals but the funds and trusts as well as the cash and bonds of the bank itself.

Imagine then the consternation that spread over the community when on the morning of the 26th of Jan., 1926, it was known that the bank had been robbed and when it was found a little later that securities worth almost a million and a quarter had been stolen great was the lamentation.

The originators of this crime and chief agents in its execution were three expert cracksmen whose records may justly preface the story of their common work.

Robert C. Scott, James Dunlap and Wm. Connors were a trio of rogues who had chosen bank breaking as their criminal specialty. They were men of boldness, nerve, patience and rare skill in laying out a burglary. Working in combination they had during a series of years cracked many a safe and secured bonds altogether estimated to be worth \$3,000,000, though of course not netting the robbers that sum.

In 1922 the trio robbed the Falls City Bank in Louisville, Ky., of \$200,000 and two years later, after most patient and persistent work, they penetrated a bank vault at Quincy, Ill., and stole several hundred thousand dollars, none of which was ever recovered. Several of their attempts scarcely less bold and cunning than that of the Northampton robbery failed. Finding, however, that the locksmiths were outstripping them the gang sought the aid of some confederate whose technical knowledge of keys, wards and bolts would supplement their own adroitness and who, working outside the pale of immediate danger, would be tempted by an equal share in the booty.

They found such a confederate in the person of Wm. D. Edson, a skilled workman of Herring & Co., the safe makers. He joined the gang in 1923, advised and assisted them when his aid was needed and took his share of the spoils. In an evil hour the officers of the bank fell into the tolls. Some two months before the robbery there had been difficulty with some of the doors and locks of the vault and Edson had been sent for as an expert to make the necessary repairs. The rascal saw his opportunity. Intrusted with the keys used to open the outer door of the vault he took wax impressions from which on his return to New York duplicate keys were made.

But the fellow did a stroke of business still more clever. There still remained the four-fold combination of the safe and inner doors to overcome. Edson was aware that a clerk of the bank knew some of these combinations and he artfully suggested to John Whittlesey, the cashier, that there was danger in thus trusting a subordinate.

By his advice all the combinations were given to Cashier Whittlesey. With the keys of the outer vault held by the robbers the whole question of a successful robbery depended upon eliciting these combinations from the cashier, a matter of no small audacity and peril, for he lived two-thirds of a mile from the bank in a house where beside himself dwelt six persons. At first the plan of the robbers was to seize Whittlesey by night, get the combination, overpower the watchman and flee with the plunder.

But reflecting that as the watchman left the bank at 4 o'clock on a midwinter morning, there were two or three working hours available, the plan was changed. The scheme moved quickly to its culmination. By frequent trips to Northampton the gang had made themselves familiar with localities and in particular had spied out carefully the situation at the house where cashier Whittlesey lived. They had joined with themselves four muscular associates whose names, with one exception, are not certainly known to this day.

At about 1 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 26, 1926, the burglars having reached Northampton by different routes gathered, masked, in front of cashier Whittlesey's door. The front door was opened by turning the key on the inside with nippers and the masked men entered. Every one of the seven inmates, consisting of cashier Whittlesey, his wife, another married couple, two ladies and a servant, were awakened, bound and placed under guard.

Scott and Dunlap, the leaders, then took Whittlesey in charge. He was ordered at the point of a pistol to surrender the combination of the vault and safe. He tried to temporize and gave the robbers a false set of combinations. Here was an emergency the cunning Scott was equal to. It would have wasted precious time to have gone after 4 o'clock to the bank to test the figures and to take Whittlesey there through the streets would be to risk the success of the whole scheme. So Scott, who had taken down the numbers on paper, suddenly asked Whittlesey to repeat them.

The cashier could not recall the fictitious figures and

his deceit was evident. The robbers then resorted to more heroic means. The cashier was pounded, kicked and choked until at last in pain and terror he gave the real numbers and the most difficult part of the robbers' task was done.

For three hours the masked gang kept the whole household docile prisoners until at 4 o'clock the watchman left the bank. Then while one part of the gang remained on guard over Whittlesey and the other captives the other part went to the bank. The weak outside doors were quickly entered, the outer door of the massive vault swung open at the touch of Edson's duplicate keys and one after another the four sets of combinations of the vault and safe yielded and all the securities of the large safe were exposed to view. The bonds, stocks and money were all tumbled into bags and taken to a hiding place in a school house about a mile from the bank.

All the doors were then closed and the dials wrenched off so as to delay the opening of the vaults and safe. The robbers stole altogether about \$2,000,000, of which \$800,000 was in coupons and registered bonds, \$300,000 in stocks and \$12,000 in bank bills. Of the bonds some \$35,000 were in government coupon bonds and easily negotiable. There was a second safe in the vault, containing, with other securities, about \$100,000 in bonds belonging to Smith College for Women, but the combination of this safe the gang had forgotten to get from Whittlesey and no attempt to open it was made.

Having hidden their booty part of the burglars took a wagon in waiting and rode to Springfield, 20 miles away, where they were joined by their associates who had come down by rail on an early train. The whole party then escaped to New York by different routes.

For days after the robbery the bank was surrounded by gaping crowds and people came from miles around to look at the now famous building and hear the story of the great robbery.

Edson was sent for to open the locks, his complicity in the crime not having then been suspected. It took 12 hours to reach the inner safe and for that time the success of the robbers was doubted. When the magnitude of the robbery was realized and the first shock was over the bank officials took prompt steps to detect the burglars. Printed lists of the numbers of the stolen bonds were distributed in every banking house in New York city with notice that the firms would be held responsible and lists were sent to every money centre in Europe.

Detectives were set by the dozen on the track of the burglars and as it had been reported from some source that the bonds were hidden in town every street was watched for two weeks, day and night. Suspicious-looking strangers were shadowed and every suspected hiding place was searched. Here, too, comes in a singular incident of the crime. With strange lack of caution the robbers had left in the upper part of the school house where they had been accustomed to meet bits of food, a lantern and other marks of their profession.

These discoveries led to a most rigid search of the building. Partitions were knocked apart and every part of the structure, save one, that could possibly be used as a hiding place was explored. In that single spot left unsearched the bonds and money were actually concealed.

At one end of the lower rooms was a small platform on which the younger scholars used to stand to reach a blackboard. The robbers had taken up a board, placed the stolen booty inside and fastened back the timber with screws. The heads of the screws however they covered with putty which had been painted the exact color of the paint on the platform. The searchers examined this board but the unbroken line of paint threw them off the scent and they overlooked the plunder when actually standing within a few inches of it.

After the first alarm and general search was over one of the robbers returned to Northampton by night, entered the school house, secured the bonds and took them to New York.

The story of the detection of the criminals is scarcely less strange than the details of their crime.

After the robbery Edson fell out with his confederates. They had refused him his share of the booty, accused him of treachery and feeling sure that he would not disclose a crime in which he had been so important an actor they despised his threats. He, as well as Scott and Dunlap, were closely watched by Pinkerton's detectives, so it may be that fear as well as revenge prompted him to turn state's evidence.

Whatever the motive, he was induced to disclose the secret. Scott and Dunlap were arrested on the cars at Philadelphia by Pinkerton's detectives. The two criminals were hurried through New York and to Northampton without giving opportunities for legal delays at the metropolis.

In due season their trial came on. They were indicted for entering the bank and also Whittlesey's house and on both indictments were found guilty and sentenced to 20 years in the Massachusetts state prison at Concord. The chain of evidence which secured their conviction was singularly strong. Marks of tools found in their possession were traced at Whittlesey's house and at the bank. Both robbers were also identified by Mrs. Whittlesey and others.

The handwriting of Dunlap was traced in the addresses of letters proposing a compromise with the bank although the body of the letters were in characters printed with a pen. Finally the state's evidence of Edson pointed conclusively to the guilt of the prisoners and all the stress that eloquent counsel could lay on the bad character of the testimony of detectives and confederates in crime failed to ward off the penalty. Both prisoners after sentence virtually admitted their guilt.

In the interval which has elapsed since these things other picturesque events have taken place. Investigations by detectives showed that probable accomplices in the great robbery besides Connors were James, or "Shang," Draper and the famous Red Leary. Leary, Connors and Draper were all arrested for their part in the crime. Leary dug his way out from the back of his cell in Ludlow Street Jail and Connors one pleasant day coolly walked out of the front door of the same place. Both were afterwards retaken and in spite of trickery and collusion were sent with Draper to Northampton where they were put on trial. Just at this point Scott and Dunlap re-entered on the scene. Desperate with four years of confinement they were willing to do anything to ameliorate their lot or give them even the slightest chance of pardon.

They threatened unless the stolen securities were returned to give state's evidence and convict the whole gang. The threat was successful. The stolen securities, less about \$150,000 which had been marketed, were returned.

Edson, although he had previously testified against Connors, conveniently lost his memory, the case

against the three prisoners fell through and the curtain dropped on the four years' drama of crime.

The bank stopped dividends for a while and the stock fell to par but is now back to its old figures. It is not strange that the peculiar end of this record of burglary left justifiable suspicions that the bank officers had compounded the felony but the latter, however, stoutly deny the charge and account for the return of the securities by the threats of Scott and Dunlap. Scott has been sick for a year past but was conscious up to within an hour of his death.

Dunlap, who is now serving out his sentence in the same institution, spent Scott's last day with him in his cell. Scott made no confession of the robbery and during his closing days made no allusion to the job in any way. His body was placed in a casket and forwarded to Warsaw, Ill., for burial, that being his native place and where his mother resides.

Scott was but 28 years of age when sentenced, which would have expired Feb. 16, 1934, had no allowance been made for good behavior. In his will he gave \$1,500 to his wife who lives in New York and \$500 to his pal, Dunlap.

A NIobrARA BEAT.

He Scoops in Lawyers, Farmers and Business Men and Gets Away With Their Funds.

[With Portrait.]

Arthur D. Rich, a money lender of Niobrara, Neb., has absconded leaving his wife and child and numerous parties short on their monthly balance. He loaned money on chattel security and has been in the habit of borrowing from the business men of the town sums varying from \$25 to \$500 and while making collections would pay them back. He had gained the confidence of some of the shrewdest business men of the town and on March 15 he left for Sioux City, Iowa, for the purpose of making, as he alleged, a settlement with A. M. Smith for whom he was making loans. A few days previous Smith sent a draft to one of the banks for collection, which he accepted and when reaching Sioux City said he had paid it. The Niobrara bank was accused of being slow, when the cashier returned the acceptance to Smith unpaid by Rich. Smith began to smell a mice but did nothing at the time. Rich was supposed to be at Niobrara but a letter was received at that place written by him from Beloit, Kansas, announcing that he would not return to Niobrara. Those who were mostly interested were informed of the fact and such articles as were to be found were attached. Many farmers were beaten out of various sums, he giving them receipts for money on notes while they were in possession of the payees and keeping the cash.

He also took mortgage of several without paying them any money and then went to the bank and put up at a discount for cash, putting the money into his own pockets. Finding the matter would no longer work he deserted his wife and fled to the south. M. Smith, of Sioux City, Iowa, is looking perhaps more anxiously for him than anybody else, being short about \$1,000. It is believed his defalcation will amount to \$3,000. His last place of escape was Flatonia, Texas, under the alias of E. S. Stockwell.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

THERE was a truly unique scene at the Union Depot in St. Louis, at 7 P. M., on the evening of the 30th ult., as the Missouri Pacific train was about to start. A young couple drove up, ran through the depot and jumped on the cars. It was Mrs. Harry Dunkin eloping with a dry goods drummer from the east. A minute after another carriage dashed up, a young man sprang out and also ran through the depot. This was Mr. Harry Dunkin, of St. Louis. He found the couple and a strange scene ensued. "Give me my \$175 diamond ring and my \$500 and I'll call it square," said he. She demurred and said she'd rather share. They compromised on \$200. Then the husband, turning to the drummer, said, "Take her and be unhappy," kissed her good-bye, wrung the hand of the drummer as if he felt he was doing him a real service, and then jumped off the train as it was in motion. The woman and her lover waved their handkerchiefs and the deserted husband, standing on the platform, responded to their signals until the train turned the curve and was out of sight.

CLEMEN PETERSON, of Racine, Wis., although having a wife and three children in town, was married on the 26th ult., to a young woman named Emma Talty, who is said to have money, and who, her relatives say, is weak-minded. Peterson is in jail.

A HIGH-TONED Boston music-teacher named Alfred Everett, who has the run of all the best families, was arrested on the 28th ult., charged with bigamy. It is alleged he came from England twelve years ago with his wife and five children, but after residing a short time in Chicago got a divorce, married a second wife and with her moved to Somerville, Mass. Two years ago, it is alleged, he married Helen J. Lovejoy, of Providence, R. I., using a forged certificate uttered by Everett himself.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

A THIRTEEN year old daughter of Barney Laughlin, a well-to-do farmer of Lebanon, Wis., was sent last fall to Dr. Gulnan, of New London, Wis., for treatment for her eyes, which were very weak. She lived with the doctor's family until the middle of April and then returned home. Her mother discovered that the girl was ill, and questioning her closely got the admission from the child that the doctor had seduced her, and then, on finding that she was enceinte, performed an abortion on her and sent her home. Gulnan has been arrested and is held for trial.

A NEGRO 15 years old, named Curtis Neal, was arrested in Louisville, Ky., on the 30th ult., charged with having committed rape on a six year old white girl, the daughter of Mrs. Charles Vogt. He had been employed about the house and had professed great affection for the child. The fiendish deed was accomplished during a brief absence of the mother from the house. The child is in a very dangerous condition, and the people are very much excited over the affair.

ARGUSTUS HARKELRODE, a white man of Nebraska City, undertook to fight a negro named Frank Fitzhugh, on the 20th ult., both being armed with clubs. The white man first got in two resounding whacks on the coon's head with his club, then the darkey put in one light lick and the fight was over. The white man's skull was fractured and the nigger's as sound as a dollar.

CUPID OFF HIS BASE.

Cases in Which the Wicked Little God Doesn't Take Good Aim With His Shaft.

A YOUNG girl aged 18, named Mary Ann Snodgrass, ran away from her aunt in Philadelphia several months ago and went to live in another part of the city with a man named James Miller. On the 30th of March she returned to her aunt's house where she died. It alleged that she was the victim of malpractice.

JOHN S. HENDRICKS, who ran away from Memphis, Mo., with a 15 year old girl named Annie Reynolds (both of their pictures were published in the POLICE GAZETTE lately) abandoning a wife and nine children, was captured and lodged in jail in Memphis but escaped on the night of the 27th ult. He was pursued and recaptured but was badly wounded by the sheriff who had to wing him to prevent his escape by swimming across the Tobias river, into which he leaped when he saw the officers at his heels.

EDDIE MARSHALL, of Cleveland, O., son of a wealthy merchant, is only 14 and yet is a husband and likely soon to be a father. His wife is a blushing giddy thing of 28 named Annie Hellen. A year ago when Eddie was only 13 she took service as an up-stairs girl in his father's household and the boy and the maiden of 26 at once assumed tender relations such as are not ordinarily required of chambermaids except in the families of persons. When Annie's slender figure began to lose its willowy quality she told Eddie the cause and suggested marriage as the only way out of the scrape. She got a license and the ceremony was performed. The precocious youngster's father has had her arrested for perjury in swearing the boy was of legal age to enter into a matrimonial contract and there's a pretty how-to-do in Cleveland over the affair in other aspects.

HYMEN'S CURIOS.

Specimens of Queer, Quaint, and Sensational Methods of Tying the Love Knot.

A ST. LOUIS lawyer, Benjamin R. Davenport, has been sued for divorce by his wife. Among the points in her complaint against him she states that when she visited New York he wrote out a set of rules which he made her swear implicit obedience to. These were that she should join her mother at a certain boarding-house, have a separate table in the dining-room and make no acquaintances among the boarders, never sit in the parlor, never to be absent from her mother more than five minutes at a time day or night, receive no calls except from relatives, and to write him a daily letter giving an explicit account of all her doings. She complied with these rules, but now, evidently forgetting the fine time she might have had if she had disregarded them, she makes them the main ground for a divorce.

JANE ACTON, of St. Louis, Mo., who has been married to Edward Acton for thirty years, and who has been a bedridden invalid for the past three years, applied through her attorneys, on the 23d ult., for a writ of habeas corpus to have herself brought before the court and treated according to the principles of justice. She claims that she is kept a prisoner by her husband, and she is denied the attention and comforts necessary under the circumstances. He, knowing she cannot move herself, refuses to have her moved to some place where she can be properly cared for. The husband says the trouble is that he will not allow either of his wife's three sisters to visit her because he does not like them.

LILLIAN CLEVES' MATINEES.

Her Foote "Kicks" and Makes Several "Hits" at Her Expense.

[With Illustration and Portrait.]

As a sample of the refinement of the stage let us instance that admirable couple Lillian Cleves Clarke and her present husband Mr. Foote. Foote is an actor who seems to think that when he took George Clarke's star away he got not only an actress but a wife to boot; but he has evidently "put his foot in it" in trying to mix matrimony and dramatics. The pair have had a series of brawls in Cleveland, Ohio, the last occurring on the 27th ult., when Foote gave the fair Lillian a black eye, in a most unfair manner, in the open street. Then he seized all the company's baggage, and the manager had to sue out a writ of replevin to obtain it. Why didn't Lillian amputate that Foote long ago?—it's an utterly useless member. Or does she like to have free fights with "hubby dear" in her dressing-room, as occurred at the Academy in Cleveland on more than one night.

It's lucky for the New York managers that the new stars they cast out on the country every season don't give away things so recklessly as Lillian does. Finally, however, on May 2, Lillian found herself stranded penniless at Cleveland, while Foote, after getting clear of a charge of assault and battery, lit out for New York. She has entered suit for divorce, alleging that she has borne unparalleled brutalities from her "star" companion since they were wedded in December, 1931, beginning with the sacrifice of her jewelry to pay the expenses of her wedding trip.

THOSE NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY MEN.

The Latest Things They Are Up to, and the Girls Who Give Them Away.

THERE is a sensation in Washington, Mo., and Miss Fannie Brown, a pretty, plucky and high-tempered dame, has raised it. A wealthy man, Capt. L. D. Imnell, took her out for a buggy ride, she says, drove to a lonely spot in the woods, dragged her from the vehicle and outraged her. She had him arrested for rape when she got back to town and he was found guilty on the 29th ult. after a trial that made a great stir in the community.

On the 27th ult. a suit was instituted in St. Paul, Minn., against John H. Preston by his wife, who accuses him of adultery with one Josie Matteson. And to make matters as bad as possible for John Josie goes for him too. She alleges that from April 1, 1929, to March 31, 1932, she performed labor for him as housekeeper, cook and general servant of his hotel at La Crosse, even mending his clothes and making his shirts. For this she claims \$30 a month or a total of \$1,080. Then Mrs. Preston makes the new discovery that John has introduced Josie on several occasions as his wife and that her child by her real Simon pure first husband goes by Preston's name. This she thinks gives her grounds for a charge of bigamy and take it all in all poor John is in a lot of hot water generally, poor man.

THE PRIZE RING.

Big Events that are Off and to Come Off.

Egan Ceases to be a "Terror," Sullivan and Elliott don't Come Together, but Several Others Do.

Pugilistic matters are booming all over the country. We have had one decisive battle for the championship of the world in which Sullivan and Ryan, champions of this country, fought and through the influence of the POLICE GAZETTE it was brought to a successful termination.

Now it is proposed to have a great international prize fight in which the rival champions of England and America are to contend for the world's championship and \$5,000.

Two weeks ago Richard K. Fox, the editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, wrote to George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, London, England, asking the latter to inform him who was the best pugilist in England. George W. Atkinson at once notified Richard K. Fox that Joe Collins, better known as "Tug" Wilson, was the champion in his estimation and the best pugilist in England. Richard K. Fox then authorized Mr. Atkinson to call on "Tug" Wilson and ask him if he would fight Sullivan for \$500 (\$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. On May 2 Mr. Fox received the following:

LONDON, ENGLAND, May 2, 1882.
Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, New York:
"Tug" Wilson will fight Sullivan if you will match him, and he will at once leave for America on receiving answer.
GEORGE W. ATKINSON.
In reply to this cheerful message Mr. Fox at once sent the following:

POLICE GAZETTE, May 2, 1882.
GEORGE W. ATKINSON, *Sporting Life*, London, Eng.:
I will match "Tug" Wilson to fight John L. Sullivan for five hundred pounds a side for the championship of the world. Send him over at once. Cable when and what steamer he leaves on. Have forwarded draft for expenses of the journey.
RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor POLICE GAZETTE.

Inside of four weeks "Tug" Wilson will arrive on these shores, and backed by the POLICE GAZETTE he will post \$1,000 forfeit and issue a challenge to fight John L. Sullivan.

On May 9, James Elliott, the well-known heavy-weight pugilist, who gained so much notoriety by knocking Dick Egan, the "Troy Terror," "out of time," called at the POLICE GAZETTE office with Joe Shannon, John Styles and a host of sporting men to meet John L. Sullivan and arrange a prize fight for \$2,500 a side and the championship of the world. Elliott's backers had \$1,000 in hand to post and were ready to sign articles, with the proviso that Richard K. Fox was to be final stakeholder, but neither Madden nor Sullivan appeared. Elliott said Sullivan was afraid to fight him and that he should claim the championship, as he had posted \$500 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE, left his money with that journal for over a month and appointed two meetings with Sullivan, but the latter had refused to fight in spite of all these efforts. Further, he said he would make the following matches with Sullivan at any time: He would stake \$2,500 with the POLICE GAZETTE and make a match that Sullivan could not stop him in four three-minute rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, the fight to take place in a 24 foot ring, erected either on the turf or on the stage. Or he would fight Sullivan for \$2,500 a side and the heavy-weight championship of the world, and allow Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. If these terms suited Sullivan he would meet him or his representative at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

As Sullivan holds the title of champion, he should either accept Elliott's offer or take down his sign.

Dick Yarwood's challenge recently issued in the POLICE GAZETTE to fight any middle-weight has not been accepted. His backer has withdrawn the \$100 posted with Richard K. Fox. It was expected that one of the middle-weights would have accepted Yarwood's def but they failed to do so.

As many of the sporting community do not know Yarwood we may state that he is 29 years of age, stands 5ft. 11½ in. in height and weighs 184 lbs. untrained and 150 lbs. trained. He was born in London, Eng., of Irish parents and from his boyhood belonged to the Second Life Guards. He engaged in all the assaults at arms, especially sword exercise. He won a silver cup at Windsor, Eng., in a champion competition with Corporal Major McPherson of the Royal Horse Guards in cutting the bar of lead, oranges and ribbons with the sword.

In numerous contests in the Horse Guards barracks, London, he proved himself a scientific boxer and figured in several glove contests at Billy Shaw's and Nat Langham's.

Yarwood fought twice in England. His first battle was with Dan Foster of Nottingham. The battle was for a purse and came off at North Camp, Aldershot, on May 13, 1879. Foster was ten pounds heavier than Yarwood and the former's friends were confident he would win.

The fight was a desperate one. At the start Foster's superior strength told heavily against Yarwood. The latter however pluckily fought on and in the 11th round knocked his man out of time by a tremendous left-hand blow below the jaw. The fight lasted 45m. Both pugilists were terribly punished.

Yarwood's victory created quite a stir among the Life Guardsmen who began at once looking about for another pugilist to pit against the victor. Andrew Wilson, a tall, stout, muscular specimen of humanity of the Second Life Guards agreed to fight Yarwood for a purse.

A challenge was issued and Yarwood accepted. Arrangements were made for the pugilists to fight at catch weights according to the London prize ring rules for a purse. Both men trained and the mill created a sensation among the numerous mounted regiments and the Life Guardsmen. Through the influence of the officers of the Second Life Guards the riding school of the latter regiment at St. John's Wood, London, was selected the battle ground.

Wilson stood 5ft. 11½ in. and weighed 160 lbs. He had gained several victories and his friends were confident he would retrieve Foster's defeat. Yarwood entered the ring in capital condition, having gone through a rigid course of training. Betting was 5 to 2 on Wilson after the first round as he had decidedly the better of the bout and gained first blood.

In the second round the fighting was desperate and

Wilson out-fought Yarwood who was evidently making a waiting game of it or fighting on orders.

For twenty rounds the pugilists battered each other terribly. Wilson forcing the fighting. Thirty-four rounds were fought in 41m. and it was a hard matter to decide who had the better of the battle. In the 47th round Yarwood appeared to be the stronger of the two and Wilson, who had received terrible punishment, began to weaken. This was the turning point in the fight for Yarwood's second now urged him on and he fought Wilson all over the ring.

The fiftieth round was a desperate one. In the 56th round Yarwood's seconds ordered him to finish the battle and he landed his left heavily on Wilson's jaw and fought him down. On Wilson being carried to his corner he went to sleep, his seconds threw up the sponge and Yarwood was declared the winner. The fight lasted 1h. 30m.

At length Yarwood decided to leave the British army and taking French leave made his escape to this country. Since his arrival he has figured in numerous boxing exhibitions and held the position of teacher of boxing to the Seventh Regiment. During the past month or two he has been under the weather and his friends claim that he was ill when he met McCoy.

April 15, at London, Eng., the amateur boxing championships took place. Thos. Hill, of Birmingham won the feather-weight champion cup. A. T. Bettinson, of the German gymnastic society, won the light-weight champion cup, beating T. Griffiths and J. Howlett. A. H. Curmick, of the Clapton B. C., won the middle-weight cup, beating F. B. Preston and H. Windett. H. T. Dearsley, of the St. James Athletic Club, won the heavy-weight cup.

At Boston, recently, Patsy Sheppard, the noted light-weight pugilist, and Tommy Kelly who fought Parkinson several years ago were matched to fight and the backers of the pugilists each posted \$50 a side which was forwarded to Richard K. Fox. Since, the match was declared off and the forfeit money returned.

At Cedar Rapids, Ia., recently, the sporting element were treated to a hard glove fight, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for a purse. The principals were two heavy-weight colored champions, Jake Bradshaw and Levi Patterson. All the preliminaries were quietly arranged and the pugilists met on the fair grounds to decide the mooted question of superiority.

Bradshaw weighed 330 lbs., Patterson 282 lbs. The latter was the favorite and his admirers wagered 2 to 1 that he would down Jake in 30m.

Patterson won the toss for choice of corners and selected the corner so that his back was to the sun. After the formal hand shaking the two modern colored giants told the mark amid shouts of 2 to 1 on Levi. Neither of the pugilists knew the first rudiments of the art of self defence but they knew how to fight and they met in the first rounds like pistol shots. Bradshaw led and planted a tremendous left-hander on Patterson's left eye when the latter rushed at his 330 lb. opponent and landed a terrific blow on Bradshaw's nose which sent the ruby stream flying in all directions.

After another lively exchange the pugilists closed. Patterson, urged on by the shouts of his admirers, forgot all about the prize ring rules, and true to the habits of his nation began bucking and the battle dwindled into a regular rough-and-tumble fight.

The marshal arrived on the scene and captured the pugilists who were finally locked up. On April 28th the pugilists were fined \$50 and costs. Bradshaw paid his fine while Patterson was sent to the stone quarry.

Bennie Greene, the noted Providence, R. I., pugilist, and Jim Murray, Owney Geoghegan's champion, have been matched to fight, Marquis of Queensbury rules, for \$300 a side. The rival pugilists will meet in June to decide the question of supremacy in the arena. Both are pugilists in their prime and there is every indication that the battle will be a desperate one.

Dick Egan the "Terror," of Troy, who time and again challenged John L. Sullivan, gave an exhibition at Irving Hall in this city on May 1. For this occasion only he offered the champion \$100 to stand up and box him four rounds Marquis of Queensbury rules.

Sullivan did not appear but James Elliott, who at one time offered to fight any man in the world and who recently challenged Sullivan to fight, agreed to meet the Terror.

Elliott had not appeared in public for some time and when the tall pugilist stepped into the arena he was greeted with a storm of cheers. Egan who on this occasion made his debut as a boxer was also greeted with cheers.

It would be useless for us to publish the full report of the rounds. Egan no doubt had plenty of pluck but he lacked science and was no match for Elliott who on this occasion surprised even his friends.

Three rounds were fought and Elliott had the best of the battle all through.

In the third round James delivered the "Terror" a terrific blow on the nose which staggered him and the next instant he followed it up with another of the same sort that knocked Egan clean off his feet. The blow was landed plump on the chin. Egan dropped like a felled ox and lay stiff and unconscious on the stage. The blow was not an accidental one but landed just when and where Elliott intended it should.

Egan lay unconscious on the stage until Elliott and Frank Whittaker assisted him to rise. He then gasped, "Where am I? What was the matter?" and they let him rest on a chair.

Elliott was cheered wildly. He did not make any parade or boast of what he had done but refused to batter the Troy "Terror" any more. We have seen innumerable glove contests in our time but we do not remember having seen any pugilist put to sleep by an auctioneer with such despatch as this.

Elliott made a host of friends by his performance and it must be thoroughly understood that it is no easy task for a pugilist to knock out another who scales over 25 pounds with an ordinary boxing glove. If Elliott had used the "raw uns," as the English pugilistic brigade style the bare knuckles, Egan's jaw would have been broken.

The "Terror" may possess the stamina and endurance to make a pugilist but he will have to learn to stop, hit, counter and cross before he will make any creditable show against the heavy knights of the ring.

Rochester, New York, boasts of a colored pugilist who flatters himself that he can best any pugilist, black or white, in America. This new aspirant is Henry G. Johnson, who was to have boxed with the champion Sullivan at Rochester recently. Johnson writes that he was perfectly willing to spar with Sullivan if he would allow him a sum for his services, whether he succeeded in remaining through the four rounds or not. "Farrell and McCoy," Johnson says, "said they thought it would take a club with a double swing to knock me down. I have never been knocked down yet but I didn't propose to engage in an encounter with Sullivan unless he would agree to make it an object."

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUST OUT.

FARO EXPOSED.

The nefarious devices and dishonest tricks of the skin gambler described and explained. A complete exposure of the great American game, with a history of its origin and improvement, the mechanical devices used for cheating and the systems by which they can be defeated. With 20 illustrations. By mail, 30c.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

G. H., Olean, N. Y.—No.

S. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—No.

M. G., Columbus, Ohio.—No.

J. M. H., Mansfield, Ohio.—No.

M. D., Keyport, N. J.—Egan weighs 220 lbs.

C. W., Kansas City, Mo.—Received your letter.

D. W., Alexandria, Va.—Jem Mace never beat Joe Coburn.

M. G., St. Louis, Mo.—Mike McCoole, the pugilist, is not dead.

H. S., Islip, L. I.—Partridge shooting ends in England on Feb. 1.

S. W., Port Huron.—John McMahon is living at Dallas, Texas.

S. H., Port Chester, N. Y.—Garfield's majority in this state was 7,068.

J. S., Burlington, Vt.—Thanks for items; they are always acceptable.

G. H., Steubenville, Ohio.—The first trans-atlantic cable was laid in 1858.

G. W., Bay City, Mich.—Daniel McDaniels has not retired from the turf.

E. L. G. Gloucester, Mass.—I. We intend to do so. 2. Not that we heard of.

A. W. A., Manchester, Vt.—Such houses are not licensed in New York.

S. A. R., Natchez, Miss.—Send on \$100 if you desire your challenge published.

D. J., Peoria, Ill.—John C. Heenan weighed 136 lbs. the day he fought Tom Sayers.

P. D., Kansas City, Mo.—Parole did beat Ten Broeck at Baltimore, Md., and B is correct.

S. W., Chicago, Ill.—Call on Ed Dorney. He will give you all the information you require.

H. L. D., Leadville, Col.—I. Mayor Grace was born in Kings County, Ireland. 2. In Chicago.

S. G., Utica, N. Y.—A wins. Courtney never beat Hanlan in either a match race or regatta.

W. S., Harrisburgh, Pa.—Ned Searles', of Sing Sing, N. Y., best standing jump was 13 feet 5½ inches.

R. H., Albany, N. Y.—Christy's Minstrels first appeared in New York at Palino's Opera House in 1847.

M. P., Baltimore, Md.—Denny Harrington defeated George Rooke at Surrey Gardens, Eng., March 12, 1878.

E. B. T., Rawhide Buttes, Wyoming Territory.—Send on \$100 forfeit if you send a challenge to fight Dick Egan.

Fred. B., Tallola, Ill.—If you have a pugilist you wish to match to fight Sullivan send on a forfeit and a challenge.

W. E. C., Chihuahua, Mexico.—We know of no "dam fool" who is our reader, unless possibly you may be of that quality.

GEORGIA, New Orleans, La.—I. The first race for the English Derby was ran in 1780. 2. Daniel O'Rourke won it in 1852.

H. M. JOHNSON, Griffin, Ga.—Send for the "Champions of the American Prize Ring." It contains the Ryan and Sullivan battle.

A. E. W., St. Louis, Mo.—Commenced in No. 215, November 5th, 1881. Will publish portraits you desire in due time. Send stamps.

H. H., Fort Barrancas, Fla.—In all New York state prisons commutation is allowed for good behavior, which makes the difference.

G. L. H., Decatur, Col.—He was always considered to be a middle-weight pugilist although he has fought for the heavy-weight championship.

D. S., Augusta, Ga.—I. No. 2. Coal was discovered in America, at Ottawa, Ill., in 1608. 3. Rowell won the Astley Belt four times (thrice in succession).

M. S., Indiantown; S. J., N. B.—I. The Astley Belt was competed for seven times. 2. No. 3. The length of an Irish mile is 2,240 yards; an English mile 1,760 yards.

SCIPIO, Tampico, N. M.—I. The fastest running time for 100 yards is 9¼ seconds, made by George Seward of New Haven, Conn., in England. 2. Send us on a portrait.

D. H., Austin, Texas.—I. No. 2. Gale, the English pedestrian, walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, one mile and a half each hour, August 28—October 6, 1877.

G. H., Toledo, Ohio.—Joshua Ward's best time rowing five miles is 35m. 10s. It was made over the Staten Island course in 1859. 2. He is still living and resides at Cornwall, N. Y.

J. E. K., Chicago, Ill.—I. Yes. 2. The League base ball clubs are Cleveland, Detroit, Providence, Worcester, Buffalo, Chicago, Boston, Troy City, Metropolitan and Philadelphia.

S. H., Portland, Me.—I. The longest distance ever walked without a rest is 120 miles, 1,500 yards, by Peter Crossland. 2. He accomplished the feat at Manchester, England, Sept. 11, 1876.

H. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—I. Morrissey never fought Joe Coburn. 2. He beat Thompson, Yankee Sullivan and John C. Heenan. 3. He fought Bill Poole, but it was a rough-and-tumble fight.

S. W., Manchester, Pa.—I. Hanlan did defeat Evan Morris. 2. In a race for the English rowing championship, Chambers beat Kelley September 29, 1859, in 25m. 28s. 3. It was the same party.

MILO, St. Paul, Minn.—I. No. 2. Ten Broeck, in a race against time at Louisville, May 24, 1876, when five years old, carried 110 lbs., ran a mile in 1:39¼, but that was not in a race with other horses.

S. W., Baltimore, Md.—I. The Ward Brothers. 2. They were the same crew that rowed at Saratoga—were beaten by the Paris crew, of St. John's, N. B., on October 21, 1868, at Springfield, Mass.

S. W., Racine, Wis.—I. The limits of the different fighting weights—feather 112 lb., light 133 lb., middle 154 lb., heavy, unlimited. 2. R. A. Pennell has put up a dumb-bell weighing 301½ lbs. 3. No.

S. G., Toledo, Ohio.—I. No. 2. Slosson did win. 3. The largest run at a four-ball game of billiards is 1,483, made by John McDevitt in a match with Wm. Goldthwait at New York, on January 8, 1863.

H. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, holds all the stakes in the James Weeden and Owen Maloney prize fight. 2. The pugilists are to fight for \$500 a side.

M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—I. Patsy Sheppard was matched to fight Barney Aaron but the match was broken off. 2. Sheppard defeated Horden, Murphy, and fought a draw with Mike Coburn in this country.

G. S. W., West Farmingham, Mass.—I. No. 2. Bay Dick has a public record of 2:28¼, but it is said to have shown a half-mile in 1:08½. He is now 9 years of age and can trot in 2:20. 3. He is owned by Vanderbilt.

H. W. S., Cold Spring, N. Y.—Judge Fullerton's time to wagon, 2:20¼, made in California, November 21, 1874, was the best on record till Hopeful beat it in Chicago, October 12, 1878, trotting in 2:16¼, beat it.

H. S., Chicago, Ill.—I. James Weeden now matched to fight Owen Maloney for \$1,000 now held by the POLICE GAZETTE, never fought Walker. 2. The James Weeden you refer to died in Trenton Prison, N. J.

J. M., Chicago Ill.—Orrin Hickok will have the following horses this season under his control. St. Julien, 2:11¼; Santa Claus, 2:17¼; Sweetheart, 2:23¼; Eva, 2:26; Overman, 2:33; Empress, 2:24; Nevada and four others.

G. H. Brownsville, Texas.—When Tom Sayers was beaten by Nat Langham, on Oct. 18, 1853, Langham won first blood and Sayers first knock down. 2. Langham was six years Sayers junior. 3. Sixty-one rounds were fought in 2h. 2m.

FARMER W., Elmira, N. Y.—I. Signor Pedanto crossed the Genesee River at Portage, N. Y., on July 4, 1878, on a tight-rope, walking over a chasm 1,000 feet wide and 230 feet deep. 2. Mace and Sayers were never matched. 3. No.

H. M. W., Bodie, Cal.—I. G. Seward's time for running 100 yards, 9¼ seconds, has never been beaten. 2. It is claimed that Hutchins, the English champion runner, has beaten it in a private trial, but private performances do not go on record.

M. W. Shelbyville, Ky.—I. No. 2. Blue Mantle was foaled in 1859. 3. We do not know the price paid. 4. He is by Kingston, sire of Babta, dam of Glenelg, out of Paradigm, dam of Lord Lyon, Achievement and Chevisance, dam of Jannette, by Paragon.

M. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.—I. Dan Collins, who fought Tom Sayers, was backed from Tom Sayers' sporting house in London, when he made his debut in the magic circle in 1849. 2. It was Jimmy Massey who was styled the Young Life Guardsman. 3. No.

AQUATIC, St. Louis, Mo.—That sporting journal was wrong. There has been an eight-oared race over a course of twelve miles. The "Maid of Erin," of Boston, Mass., and the "Superior" of St. John, N. B., rowed for \$2,000 over a twelve mile course, at Boston, Mass., Sept. 13, 1855.

M. H., Lexington, Ky.—I. In 1861 Frank Archer rode 539 races won 219, was second 129 times, third 59 times, unplaced 133 times. 2. C. Wood rode 546 races, won 152, second 109 times, third 73 times, unplaced 212 times. 3. No. 4. Archer won 307 races in 1876, 217 in 1877, 229 in 1878, 199 in 1879 and 121 in 1880.

J. M., Saratoga, N. Y.—I. Trickett defeated J. H. Sadler on the Thames, 4½ miles for \$400 and the championship of the world June 27, 1876. 2. Hanlan beat him twice. 3. The fastest trotting time on record for one mile to saddle is 2:15 3-4 made by Great Eastern at Fleetwood, N. Y., September 22 1877.

S. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—I. Elliott means business. 2. Yes. Jim Dunne (now an Alderman of Brooklyn, N. Y.) and Elliott fought at Bull's Ferry, N. J., May 13, 1863. Dunne won in 12 rounds lasting 57 minutes. Joe Coburn and Jim Dunne were Barney Aaron's seconds when he fought Collyer at Aquia Creek, Va.

H. W., Toronto, Canada.—Edward Hanlan did not row Harry Kelley for the championship, neither did he ever row in any race in which the English ex-champion oarsman was a contestant, and B loses. 2. James Hamill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Harry Kelley rowed for the championship of the world on the Tyne, England, on July 4, 1866, and Kelley won both races. 3. No.

G. H., Boston, Mass.—The Leamington, the sire of Iroquois, was purchased from Mr. Halford by Mr. F. Higgins, at Doncaster, as a yearling, for £150, and remained his property during the whole of his racing career. Some years previously the same gentleman gave Mr. Halford 2,500 guineas for a half share in Prime Minister, after he had won the Clearwell stakes at Newmarket, which could scarcely be considered so good a bargain.

S. W., Brighton, Mass.—I. G. L. Hillier, of the Stanley Bicycle Club, at Burlington, England, July 27, 1881, won the fifty mile amateur race for the bicycle championship, covering the distance in 2h. 50m. 50 2-5s.

2. Hillier beat all previous records from 25 miles upwards. 3. Hillier's time for 25 miles being 1h. 25m. 34s.; for 30 miles, 1h. 30m. 11s., and for 40 miles, 2h. 15m. 6 4-5s. The 50 miles were ridden at the rate of one mile in 3m. 3 4-10s., or at the rate of 19 6-10 miles per hour.

ATHLETE, Albany, N. Y.—You will find the "American Athlete," published at this office, just the book you want. It teaches all the routine of training. 2. No. 3. Absolute Leath is attained only by the symmetrical development of all parts of the body. The man with muscles of steel and a diseased heart cannot be said to be in good health, and diseases of stomach, heart and nervous system are often—it may be said usually—produced by that system of development known as training.

GEORGIA BOY, Selma, Ala.—I. Ed O'Baldwin fought Marsden twice, and George Iles in the old country, and Joe Wormald in America, the latter fight being broken up by the police at the end of the first round. 2. Send for the "Champions of the American Prize Ring." 3. Edward A. Trickett was born at New South Wales, in 1851. He stands 6 feet 3½ inches in height and weighs 170 lbs. He rowed Hanlan and was beaten by the latter on Nov. 15, 1880, for £200 a side, and again on May 1.

N. B.—All parties sending challenges to fight John L. Sullivan, will please send on a forfeit. We have on hand over thirty of these unbusiness-like communications that only fill the waste basket.

A Mendocino Outlaw.

A famous California desperado is H. E. Brown, whose portrait we present in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. He began his desperate career of lawlessness about 1864 when he joined Orlor's gang in Sonoma and conducted operations in that and Mendocino county. He escaped the law until 1870 when he was arrested in Sonoma county on a charge of horse stealing and sent to state prison for a term of ten years. He went at his career of crime when he was released as if he was determined to make up in the enormity of his offences for the time lost by the period of his incarceration.

On Oct. 15, 1879, Brown, George Gaunce, J. F. Wheeler, John Billings, A. B. Cartwright and Sam Carr, all ex-convicts except Gaunce, conspired to rob Jim Moore, the tax collector at Mendocino City. While perfecting their plans they camped together in the woods and killed and ate a young helper, for which a warrant was issued against them and placed in the hands of a constable who went with a posse to arrest them, not knowing the desperate character of the party.

When the posse reached a ravine where the thieves had been camped and while they were examining the ashes of the camp fire Brown and his band, lying in ambush about the spot, opened fire on them with Winchester rifles, killing Wm. Dollard and Thomas Wright and slightly wounding several others. The constables were completely taken by surprise and



CHARLES H. ENGEL,

PHILADELPHIA MERCHANT; ACCUSED OF ASSAULT BY A PRETTY FEMALE CLERK.



IDA V. BAIGT,

THE PHILADELPHIA CLERK WHO FALSELY ACCUSED HER "BOSS" OF CRIMINAL ASSAULT.

in town unannounced and they appeared to a house that hadn't enough money in it to pay the hall rent. Under the circumstances it became absolutely necessary to jump the town. But how were they going to do it? There was no such thing as getting out a satchel even, without the lynx-eyed landlord catching them. The semi-comic and song and dance people were reluctantly resigned to the loss of their trunks and stole off slyly to catch the midnight train without so much as a grip sack between them. But a party of gymnasts, the Dorine family, consisting of three male and one female partner and a clown who did the comic acrobatic business, determined to get out their traps.

They got below the windows of one of the rooms and forming a pyramid as in the show, one standing on the others' shoulders, reached the apartment and began taking out their property. In the height of their operations they were discovered by the cranky old host who, armed with a club, made an assault on the pyramid, aided by the dog which he had let loose. The pyramid tottered and tumbled and the jig was up but the gymnasts fell on that landlord and gave it to him good and as for the dog, there was nothing left of it when their rage was over. They just caught the midnight train with three satchels and a trunk which they had saved by their daring enterprise.

William Nance, the Child Murderer.

Our readers will remember the illustration in the POLICE GAZETTE two numbers back of the



GEORGE W. KAYLOR,

ABSCONDED FROM CHATTANOOGA WITH FUNDS; WANTED AT NASHVILLE, TENN.



H. E. BROWN,

LAST OF THE MENDOCINO, CAL., OUTLAWS, HUNTED DOWN FOR A CRUEL MURDER.

**"JUMPING THE TOWN."**

A PARTY OF GYMNASTS BELONGING TO A TRAVELLING TROUPE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA., PERFORM THE "BROTHER ACT" IN AN ATTEMPT TO SKIP FROM THE HOTEL WITH "THEIR TRUNKS."



A. D. RICH,

ALLEGED SWINDLER, ABSCONDED FROM NIobrara, NEB., AND \$25 REWARD OFFERED.



WILLIAM NANCE,

ACCUSED OF BRUTALLY MURDERING HIS STEP-CHILD AT MORRISTOWN, TENN.

stamped, leaving their dead on the ground. Then the people organized and began a hunt to the death over the wild country of Mendocino. This campaign lasted nearly two months and the pursuers hunted the desperadoes over a distance of a thousand miles.

In this time every one of the gang was captured alive except Billings, who was shot in a fight with the pursuers.

They were all taken to Ukiah, where Carr saved himself by turning state's evidence and Wheeler, Gaunce and Brown were tried and convicted of murder. Wheeler shortly after committed suicide in jail and Cartwright was killed in a street row. Brown had two trials, taking finally a change of venue to Sonoma county. He was again found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on Jan. 27, 1881. He got a stay again, but the judgment was affirmed and on the 3d of Feb., 1882, he was finally sentenced for the third time, the execution to take place on May 18.

A Gymnast's Trick.

A Chicago band of "fake" variety people undertook a tour in the southwest a couple of months ago and after a series of misadventures were brought up all standing at Montgomery, Ala., on the 14th ult. They had taken lodgings in a small hotel just out of town where the rates were low, and expected to make themselves solid with the proceeds of the three performances they intended to give.

Their advance agent, however, had got drunk and had neglected to bill them, so they arrived



JAMES DUNLAP,

SURVIVOR OF THE GANG OF NORTH AMPTON BANK BURGLARS; NOW IN PRISON.



ROBERT C. SCOTT,

LEADER OF NORTHAMPTON BANK ROBBERS; DIED IN PRISON AT CONCORD, MASS., APRIL 27.

brutal murder by William Nance of his step-child by dashing her brains out against the wall at McMillan's Station, seven miles from Knoxville, Tenn. In this issue we give a portrait of the brute whose appearance is sufficient to convince the most casual observer that he would be capable of such a deed. He was a rum sodden wretch who had fallen into dire poverty. He kept his wife and her child by her first husband in a wretched shanty where they slept on a heap of straw in lieu of a bed.

He made his escape after killing the child but was pursued through his wanderings for several days by the sheriff's officers and finally run down in North Carolina. He was taken to Knoxville and jailed on the 24th ult., Deputy Sheriffs R. E. Renner and J. A. Balch earning \$250 reward by making the prompt capture.

A Thief Wanted.

At the request of detective John T. DuBois we republish this week our portrait of Geo. W. Kaylor, who is wanted for grand larceny in Nashville, Tenn., and for whose detection a liberal reward is offered. The detectives have sought him for some time in vain but it is thought that with the renewed efforts of the POLICE GAZETTE and giving the picture of the rogue the full swing of our grand circulation he may be run down yet. He was accompanied in his flight by a more or less fair and undeniably frisky damsel of Chattanooga, Tenn., with whom he was infatuated and who cannot fail to encumber him on his travels.

Wrecked in the South Sea.

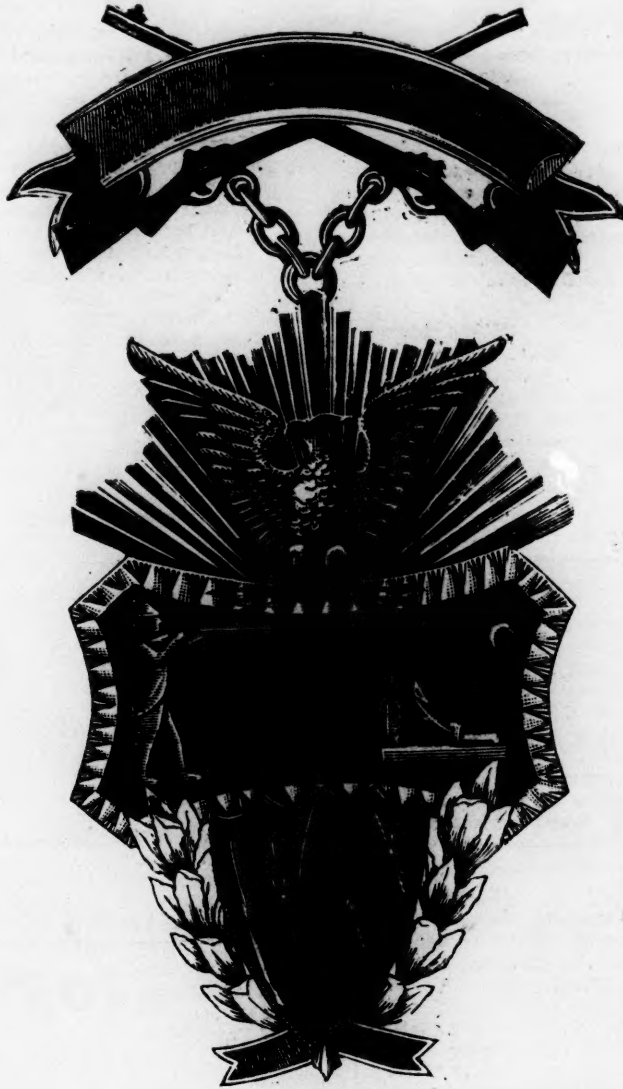
On the 2d ult. there arrived in New York by one of the German steamers, Mr. John Esmond, second officer of the bark Trinity, of New London, Conn., which was wrecked on Heard's Island, a desolate spot in the South Sea, where her crew of 33 officers and men lived a Robinson Crusoe life for fifteen months before they were rescued. Mr. Esmond, whose portrait we present in this issue, tells the following thrilling story: The bark Trinity, 316 tons, Capt. John Williams, left New London, June 1, 1880, for the



PATRICK GLANCY,

ELOPED FROM WASHINGTON, D. C., WITH A YOUNG WOMAN AND HER MOTHER.

whaling grounds of the southern seas. She had on board a crew of 16 hands, and after a passage of 25 days arrived at the Cape de Verde Island, where she added to her force 19 Portuguese negroes to assist in the whaling. The voyage was dull until the vessel had been out about two weeks from her stopping place, when she was struck by a series of hurricanes, but after many escapes reached Desolation Island on September 4, and after waiting a favorable opportunity sailed for Heard's Island, 210 miles to the south-east, arriving there October 2. This island, like



A RIFLEMAN'S TROPHY.

"POLICE GAZETTE" MEDAL, TO BE AWARDED IN THE TOURNAMENT FOR THE BEST SCORE MADE BY SHOOTING WITH RIFLE AT GLASS BALLS.

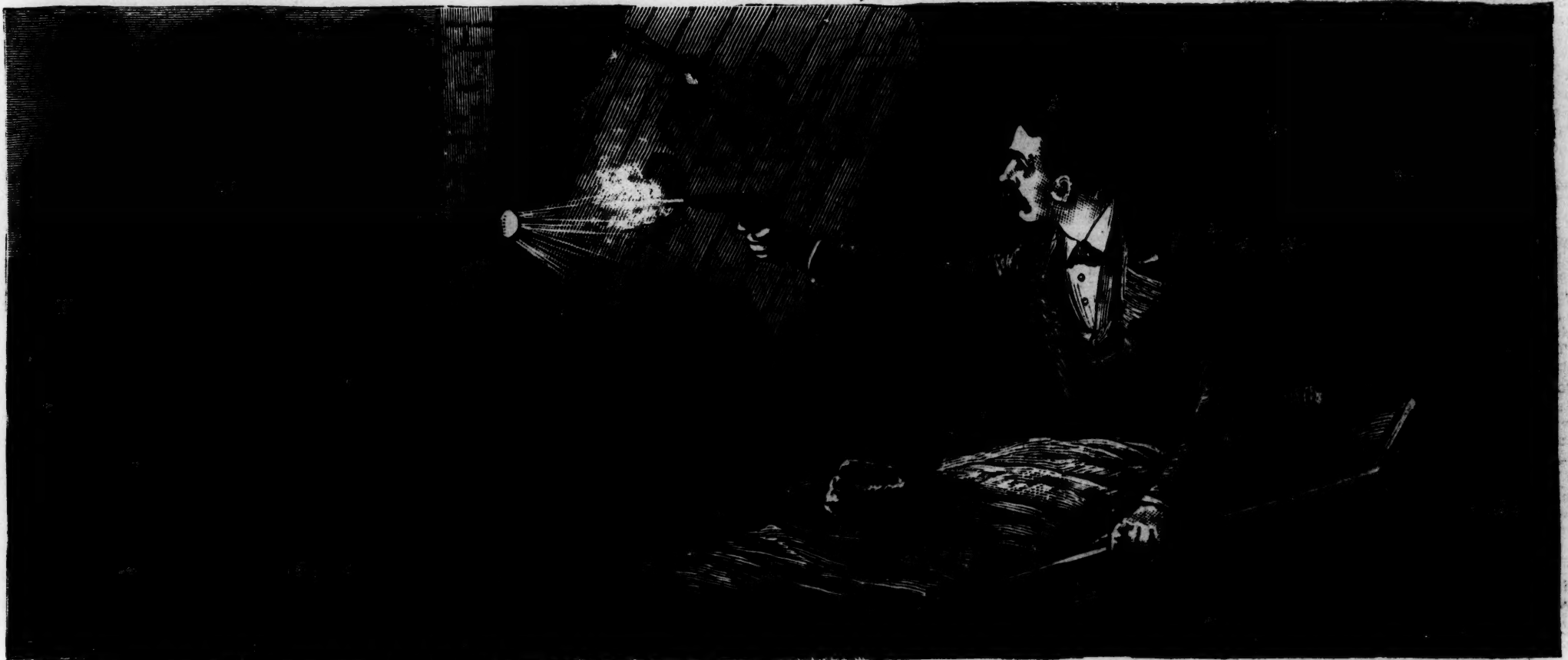
the first named, is uninhabited, but is visited by whaling crews to boil blubber. It is 30 miles long and from 3 to 10 miles wide, with a ridge volcanic mountain in the middle, their tops covered with perpetual snow and ice. The Trinity was caught in a hurricane off this desolate spot, and her two anchors giving way, was run ashore and grounded on the beach, surrounded by reefs and high rocky cliffs. The wreck swung around broadside to the shore enabling the crew to get out a boat and land, and to make several visits to the craft and get out two months' provisions. From this day,



ADAM M. DUNDORE,

EX-COUNTY TREASURER OF BERKS COUNTY, PA.; ALLEGED DEFAULTER.

October 17, 1880, until the rescue on January 18, 1882, this forlorn band of castaways lived on the barren island vainly looking out for a sail and hoping against hope for relief. At midnight, of the night of their escape, the ship gave a lurch and a roll and floated away out to sea, a disabled hulk, taking with her six months' provisions and leaving the crew in despair. On the 12th of January, 1882, the United States man-of-war "Marion" hove in sight and frantically signalled by the sailors who were rescued in a very sad condition.



THE AMEUSCADE OF DEATH.

A HUSBAND GUARDS THE CORPSE OF HIS WIFE, AND RECEIVES THE GRAVE-ROBBERS WITH A REVOLVER WHEN THEY BREAK OPEN THE TOMB, AT CULPEPPER, VA.



LILIAN CLEVES CLARK,

HEROINE OF THE DEPOT DRAMATIC MATINEE AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.



JOHN ESMOND,

MATE OF THE BARK "TRINITY," CAST AWAY ON A DESERT ISLAND IN THE SOUTH SEA.



JAMES MOONEY,

OF BUFFALO, N. Y., PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE.



JOHN J. HYNES,

OF BUFFALO, N. Y., SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

SPORTING NEWS.

Frank and Jesse James, The Outlaw Brothers.

The career of these daring highwaymen, whose cruel murders and many crimes have made the mere mention of their names a terror to law-abiding citizens, is full of romance. This is a new and carefully revised edition, containing many novel details and a complete account of the killing and funeral of Jesse James, the greatest outlaw on the American continent, by his traitorous followers. By mail 30c.

GLENMORE is doing well.

LUKE BLACKBURN is lame.

HINDOO has sprung a tendon.

CHAS. ROWELL has gone to England.

REED'S Hermit, who won several races last season, is off.

THE Cleveland Bench show claims June 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th.

THE two-year-old Henlopen by Aristides is a fast one worth watching.

JOHN H. CUSACK's new sporting sample room is now located at 11 Broadway.

MINERVA, the three year old full sister to Catoctin, promises to be a dangerous one this season.

WE have received a copy of Goodwin's Turf Guide and find it just the book that betting men require.

WM. FALDEN, the veteran sporting man of Philadelphia, will open the Washington House, Tacony, Pa., on May 13 and 14.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for a dog fight between the imported dog Ned and Cockney Charley's champion 2lb. dog Pilot.

MATT GRACE, the popular sporting man, has opened a new sporting house at 270 Bowery, which is a branch of the Foxall, 56 Bleecker st.

A NOTED sporting man of Louisville, Ky., offers to back the fighting dog Rover against any 20lb. canine in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

THE 10 mile bicycle race at Boston, Mass., between John S. Prince and F. S. Rollinson, was won by Prince, who rode the distance in 31m. 27 1/4 s.

ON May 4, at Parker's Theatre, New York, Gus Hill, the champion club-swinging, defeated Chas. E. Hoey, of Boston, in a match for \$300 and the championship of America.

ON the 20th ult. the fighting dog Rodney, of Covington, Ky., whipped Jim, of Cincinnati in one hour and thirty minutes. The fight took place at Ludlow, Ky., and was for \$1,000.

PETER JOHNSON is reported by the London Sporting Life as having remained under water 4 min. 23 sec. The feat was performed in a tank at the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, London, England.

ON May 6, Dick Toner, the champion rat-catcher, who recently offered to match himself to catch rats against any man in the country and backed up his debt with \$25, withdrew his money.

WE regret to announce that the Secretary of War has declined to provide a regular army team to defend the Hilton shield. The National Rifle Association will petition the President on the subject.

ON May 3, Major G. B. Thomas sold the three-year-old Gunner, by Alarm, and Punster, the two-year-old colt, by King Ban, for \$5,000, to Scott, of Chicago. In the afternoon Punster won the St. Nicholas stakes.

AT Fortress Monroe, on May 1, the straight-away race of three and one-quarter miles between the captains' gigs of the United States steamers Vandalla and Tennessee, the Vandalla's gig won by twenty lengths.

THE combination over the three races at Kelly & Bliss' pool rooms in this city on the first day of the Lexington races paid \$540. The combination was Mammonist, Creosote and Bagdad. A \$2 bill backed on Creosote paid \$110.

AT Montreal, Canada, April 13, Prof. F. S. Rollinson, of New York, allowed T. W. Eyck, of Toronto, one mile start in a twenty-five mile bicycle race, and won in 1 hour and 52 minutes. The race was run on a track twelve laps to a mile.

ON May 6, at Memphis, Tenn., the 125 hour heel-and-toe walking match at Memphis closed Saturday with the following score: Hart, 435; Downey, 411; total, 836. McCormick, 345; O'Leary, 422; total, 768. Dale, 384; Caeston, 383, total, 768.

MILE ARMAINDO, the female champion bicyclist, offers to race any woman 25 to 100 miles for \$500 a side. She is probably without an equal at bicycle racing. Elsa Von Blumen, who is accomplishing such wonderful feats, should accept Mile Armaindo's challenge.

F. S. ROLLINSON, the champion bicycle rider, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office a few days ago. He intends racing 50m. against John S. Prince. It will be remembered Prince defeated him, riding 10m. at Boston recently, but Rollinson had sprained his ankle and this excuses his defeat.

FRANK BELL, the well known East river pilot, and oarsman, has been matched to row Alfred H. More, of Westchester, N. Y., a 3-mile single-scull race for \$500. Both oarsmen are in training and the race will be decided on Flushing Bay on May 27. Bell's friends are confident he will win.

AT Little Rock, Ark., recently, there was an equestrian race between Misses Nellie Burke, of Omaha, and Mollie Taylor, of Texas. The first, a one-mile dash, was won by Miss Burke in 1:48. The second, a ten-mile dash, each lady using five horses, was won by the same lady who gained a mile and a quarter.

AT the Alhambra Theatre, May 18, at 2 P. M. Charles Hadley, of Bridgeport, the colored champion, will be tendered a grand benefit. All the champion boxers will be there. Hadley will offer \$50 to any colored pugilist who will stand up before him four rounds POLICE GAZETTE rules. Everyone should attend.

JOE ACTON, of Wigan, Eng., the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, arrived in Philadelphia last week from England. Acton has issued a challenge to Edwin Bibby to wrestle either catch-as-catch-can or Greco-Roman style, for from \$500 to \$1,000 a side. Bibby should arrange a match with Acton.

AT Sultz's Harlem River Park, May 15, the first annual games of the POLICE GAZETTE Athletic Association will take place. There will be wrestling by Duncan C. Ross, Edwin Bibby, Captain James Daly, Thomas J. Lynch, the all-round athletic gamblers and every variety of sport. One of the attractions will be a ten-mile professional race.

G. W. COLVIN, of Beardstown, Ill., who beat Paul Pattillo in a single scull race a few weeks ago, has signed articles of agreement to row a race with Harry Parker, the North St. Louis sculler, for \$500 a side. This race will be rowed in shells on Creve Coeur Lake on May 27. The distance will be three miles, with a turn, and each man has placed a forfeit of \$50 in the hands of Mr. J. A. St. John.

ON the 20th ult., a prize fight for \$100 a side occurred near Philadelphia between "Hop" Anderson, 147 pounds, and Tony Green, 180 pounds, both colored. Seventeen rounds were fought in 35 minutes, Anderson being the victor. It is thought Green is dangerously injured. About three hours after the affair was concluded the police arrived on the scene, but were too late to make any arrests. The fight has caused considerable talk among sporting men.

AT Burlington, Vt., on April 27 Ed. Decker, of Highgate, Vt., and Con Reagan, of St. Albans, wrestled collar-and-elbow, POLICE GAZETTE rules, for \$200 and the middle-weight championship. The match created no little interest and Decker was a heavy favorite. Michael Mullen, of Swanton, Vt., was umpire for Decker and Charles Doby, of St. Albans, for Reagan and Wm. Carney was the referee. Reagan stands 5ft. 10in., weighs 165lbs. He is well known in New York, having wrestled for over a year at O'neal Geoghegan's. Decker is looked upon as the coming man and has thrown Col. Carney, Wheeler, Flagg, Doby, Downing and Jack Callan. He lost a match with Jack Callan. The contest between the rival athletes was well contested and after a hard struggle ended in a draw. Jot N. Shay, the champion hose runner, managed the affair.

THE POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Bangor, Me., under date of May 2 writes that the hard glove contest at Dedham, Me., between Tom Bates, of Sheffield, Eng., and Jimmy Hurst, of Boston, for \$300 a side, which has been the event in sporting circles and the town's talk for a month past, proved to be a miserable fizzle. Everything looked favorable for a good fight, Bates was backed by Boston parties and Hurst by Bangor men. Joe Goss, of Boston, and Tom McAloon, of Bangor, were to handle Bates and Tommy Kelly, of Boston, who fought Siddons and Parkinson, and Jimmy Gallagher, also of Boston, were to look after Hurst. It was estimated 2,000 people were on the grounds. Various opinions are circulated but the prevalent one is that Hurst was either afraid or was not allowed to fight by his backers. The thing was done too publicly and did not look as if they cared much whether the authorities put a stop to it or not.

THE sporting denizens of Pittsburgh, Pa., are looking forward with eager interest to the forthcoming prize fight between Owen Maloney and James Weeden, both of Pittsburgh, Pa., who are to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring at catch weights for \$1,000 a side. The pugilists are to meet in the magic circle on June 15 and the battle ground will be West Virginia. All the stakes, \$1,000, have been received by Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who was appointed final stakeholder when the match was arranged, and he will award them to the pugilist that the referee decides the winner. Both pugilists are in training and each has a large number of admirers. From the business-like way the pugilists arranged the match and the bitter rivalry that exists between them there is every indication that both pugilists mean business and if the strong arm of the law does not interfere we shall expect to chronicle a long and determined battle.

AT the POLICE GAZETTE office, May 5, Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder in the prize fight between Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, Col., and Tom Walling, of Williamsburg, Col., received the following dispatch:

COOL CREEK, COL., May 5, 1882.
Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE office, New York:
The prize fight between Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, and Thomas Walling, of England, who were to have fought according to the rules of the London Prize ring for \$500 a side near Oak Creek, ended in a fizzle. Bryan Campbell refused to enter the ring, claiming that the place selected by Walling did not suit him. Sporting men claim that Campbell was afraid to fight. Walling's friends claim the stakes.

Walling also forwarded the following dispatch to Richard K. Fox from Coal Creek:
"Bryan Campbell won't fight. I claim the stakes. Will write particulars."
TOM WALLING.

ON MAY 4, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, all the stakes were posted in the great match in which Robert Donaldson, the aerial champion jumper of Tain, Scotland, is to attempt to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East river. Frank Stevenson now holds \$230 posted by Daniel Foster and a like amount posted by Richard K. Fox. The former wagers that Donaldson will not accomplish the feat, while Richard K. Fox is Donaldson's backer. According to the articles of agreement which were signed at the POLICE GAZETTE office on April 20, the daring jumper is to make the attempt on Sunday, May 14. Donaldson was present at the arranging of the final preliminaries yesterday and felt confident that he would accomplish the task. The distance Donaldson will have to jump is 135ft. Sporting men are betting that he will weaken when the day arrives but his friends who witnessed the plucky Scotchman jump from High Bridge into the Harlem river are ready to back him and lay odds that he will win.

AT the Casino, Boston, commencing May 29, there will be a great race, horses against bicycles, for \$2,000. Chas. F. Le Roy, of Boston, furnishes ten horses and agrees to ride one horse the distance of 5 miles without a change for the period of ten hours per day for six consecutive days, against Fred S. Rollinson, of New York, and J. S. Prince, of Boston, champion bicycle riders who are allowed to ride alternately for ten hours per day for six days, that is five hours Rollinson and five hours Prince, relieving each other every hour. The combined distance of the bicyclists for the period of ten hours will be against the distance made by the horses for the same time. They start at 10 o'clock P. M. each day and ride until 11 P. M. Much interest is taken in this race and it being the first one of its class it will create a deal of excitement among both wheelmen and horsemen. Chas. F. Le Roy is noted as being the longest distance horse rider of the world and Rollinson and Prince are two of the fastest bicyclists of the country.

They seem to think that they can down the horse-man but will probably have to break records to do it.

AT the city of Salida, Col., April 24, it was discovered that John W. Cozad had been drugged and robbed of some \$250 in money and a watch. At about 6 o'clock A. M. Ed. Steeny, a room mate of Cozad's, came to the city marshal Stigby and informed him that Cozad was lying in his room over the Clarendon restaurant at the point of death and that there was a man up in the dance hall that had a watch that had been taken from Cozad. The marshal found the man with the watch but he was too drunk to know where he got it. He was locked up. When he became sober he said the watch was given him by Ed. Steeny. Steeny was put under arrest and also a dance house girl known as Curley. Mr. Cozad continued to grow worse and finally expired about 9 o'clock A. M. A post mortem examination was held on the 27th. The stomach was sent to Denver to be analyzed. The coroner's jury will not give their decision until they get returns from Denver. The general opinion in the city is that Cozad was poisoned. The remains were followed to their final resting place by all the sporting fraternity of the city. Mr. Cozad was a noted sport. He was a pedestrian by profession and has made the best time for 125 yds. on record. It was made at Long Island, Nov. 23, 1878. Time 12 1/2 s.

A LARGE crowd of sporting men filled the sporting rooms of the POLICE GAZETTE May 6 to witness the posting of the final deposit of \$200 a side in the hard glove fight between Charles Norton, of England, and Jim Frawley, of Hunter's Point. Among the crowd were James Elliott, John Styles, Wm. Hussey, Bennie Green, of Providence, Mark Maguire, Los Curtis, Mike Mulry, Frank Stevenson, Bob Smith, George Holden and Tom McAlpine. Both pugilists were present and they appeared to be in splendid condition, both having just left their training quarters. Frawley looked to be in condition to fight at any time. Norton, who is being trained by Bennie Green and Tom McAlpine, also looked as hard as nails. Frank Stevenson opened the ball by laying down \$200 for Norton, and Wm. Hussey, the noted sporting man of Long Island City, put up the same amount for Frawley. After the stakes were all posted Tom McAlpine and Wm. Hussey tossed for choice of battle ground. McAlpine tossed up a \$10 gold piece and Frawley's backer shouted "Tail!" The coin fell head up and Norton won the toss for choice of ground. Everything is now settled regarding this battle and the pugilists will meet in the ring on the 16th inst. Mike Nunan, of Brooklyn, is training Frawley on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and Norton is training in the clam-catchers' State.

THE sporting lions of the Hub were treated to a grand boxing exhibition and a glove contest. Among those who showed their expertness were George Holden and Frank White. Holden by the way comes of a family of boxers, his father having been a noted light-weight in the old country from 1843 to 1846, and the son also having figured in the ring five or six times before he came to this country. The son of the father is now 40 years old, and in style resembles very much Patsey Sheppard whose instructor he was in England. Holden and White boxed for a purse of \$125, and after several rounds had been fought, which were clearly in favor of Holden, who was by far the more scientific boxer, the master of ceremonies declared the battle to be Holden's. Tommy Drohan and Newcomer from South Boston, engaged in a very interesting combat, and John Connolly and George Cary of Roxbury gave a fine exhibition. Patsey Sheppard and Tim McCarthy gave the best exhibition of the evening with gloves, but the men in whom the chief interest centered were the champion John L. Sullivan and Pete McCoy. They had several rounds with the gloves in all of which Sullivan showed clever science, great power and rapidity in countering. The rounds gave great satisfaction, and the men were warmly applauded. During the evening Sullivan showed himself to be even more than a boxer, as he and Pete McCoy put on the jackets, and gave a very good exhibition of collar-and-elbow wrestling, Sullivan as in the boxing, winning two out of three bouts.

AT the Alhambra sporting and variety theatre in Twenty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue, on May 4th, over 700 persons paid for admission to witness the third glove contest for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the heavy-weight colored boxing championship of America. The trophy was recently offered by Richard K. Fox to settle the question as to who is the champion heavy-weight colored pugilist. The medal at the last competition was won by Charles Hadley, of Bridgeport, Conn. Considerable interest was manifested over the third contest for the trophy, and several colored champions entered the field but they weakened at the eleventh hour and Morris Grant, the New York champion, was the only colored pugilist who had the nerve to face the Bridgeport slogger. He was in no condition to box four rounds Marquis of Queensbury Rules, so he decided to allow Hadley to retain the medal, and said he would not box for it until the next competition. Several of Hadley's friends claimed that Grant was afraid, and that he was not sick at all. Grant said he would box Hadley but not for the trophy. The pugilists then stripped and agreed to box four rounds, Marquis of Queensbury Rules. Frank Whittaker was appointed referee and soon had the colored champions at work. As soon as time was called the pugilists went right to work. Grant hit right and left and at first had the best of the battle, but Hadley had the most science. Grant did well and managed to land his left with terrific force on Hadley's jaw several times. All the rounds were desperately fought and neither gained any advantage. At the conclusion of the affair both of the colored champions were loudly cheered. Besides the contest between Grant and Hadley, Phil. Clare's unknown and Chas. Fletcher, colored, boxed. Steve Taylor and John Cash and Martin (Fiddler) Neary and Johnny Reilly had lively meetings. The affair was a grand success.

THE great boat race for \$5,000, between Edward Hanlan and Edward Trickett, took place on the Thames River May 1. The betting just before the start was 7 to 2 in favor of Hanlan. An immense crowd of spectators lined the banks of the river, and great interest was manifested in the race, though it was generally conceded that the Canadian would have an easy victory. The start was made shortly after 9 o'clock, Hanlan taking the lead and keeping it to the finish. He won easily, beating Trickett by four lengths. Hanlan received a perfect ovation at the finish. Many ladies were present, and not even a smart shower at 11:40 o'clock could drive them from their posts. Both men were generously applauded when they entered their boats, but the final betting was five to one in favor of Hanlan, who rowed in his new boat. Trickett rowed without a shirt, while Hanlan wore his blue

uniform. Trickett was nervous before the start and seemed anxious. There was no doubt about the result from the start. At the first three-quarter mile he was a quarter of a length clear of Trickett, and when Hammersmith Bridge was reached Hanlan was rowing easily, while Trickett evidently labored. At the end of two and one-half miles Hanlan waited for his opponent and took his water. Hanlan's time was 27 minutes 58 seconds, and Trickett's was 29 minutes 33 seconds. Hanlan's victories first over Boyd and then over Trickett proves that he is invincible, and we do not think there is to day an oarsman living who can beat him. At the time he first went to England and defeated Hawdon and Elliott and then returned and beat Trickett and Laycock, sporting men claimed that the Hanlan club bought up his races. The POLICE GAZETTE denied the report and publicly stated that Hanlan could out-row any man in the world. He went to England this time alone, without any backers or trainers, defeated the English champion Boyd and then ran away from Trickett. So now what will they say of him?

THE Greco-Roman wrestling champion and all aspirants for the honor will now have to look to their laurels. Clarence Whistler, the famous wrestler, means to make all wrestlers ambitious to wear championship honors put up their money and wrestle. He has forwarded the following letter to Richard K. Fox and also a challenge backed up with \$50. See what Whistler says:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 7, 1882.

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.
SIR: I write to inform you that I have severed all connection with the Muldoon Combination three weeks ago for the reason that Muldoon is not a square man, as every member of his company can and will vouch for. I have sent a forfeit of fifty dollars (\$50) to the POLICE GAZETTE, proposing to wrestle any man in the world a square match for from \$250 and upwards. Muldoon preferred. Match to take place no further east than Cincinnati, O., for the reason that a great many of my friends from the west desire to be there. Under any rules that are authentic, or he can make his own rules. Mr. Muldoon has proclaimed himself the champion Greco-Roman wrestler all over the United States and now he must come to the front to wrestle me on the square or quit the business and in some place, with all due deference to my friends in New York, where the lights will not be put out by his friends when I have thrown him. I shall leave this forfeit posted with you for six months unless covered, and hope all wrestlers will hold off a while for the purpose of giving Mr. Muldoon a chance to accept and show the people that he is the champion he claims to be. If he fails to accept and is afraid of me then I will wrestle any other man in the world, Greco-Roman, for a like amount. Hoping this will meet your approval, I am yours truly, CLARENCE WHISTLER.

Below will be found the challenge:

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 7, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR: I hereby challenge Wm. Muldoon to wrestle me Greco-Roman style, best two in three, or one fall, according to the POLICE GAZETTE or any other rules which he may choose for two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) or upward; the match not to come off further east than Cincinnati, Ohio. If Mr. Muldoon fails to accept, then it is open to any man in the world. I herewith forward a deposit of fifty dollars (\$50) as an earnest of my challenge. CLARENCE WHISTLER.

It must be understood that all champions, or those who claim to hold that title at any game, must defend it against all comers or forfeit the title. It is a champion's duty to accept all *boni fide* challenges; i. e., when the challenger posts a forfeit with his money. Whistler, under these rules, has challenged Muldoon, and he will have to accept or forfeit the title. It is a long time since there has been a real wrestling match for the Greco-Roman championship, and here is a chance to revive public interest in that one of the athletic branches.

MR. WM. MADDEN, who manages the affairs of the champion Sullivan, replies to the propositions of James Elliott that Sullivan's money is up in the hands of Harry Hill in the latter's sporting saloon in Houstonst. and that he will make a match in no other place, Elliott for his part will make no match in Hill's but chooses instead the POLICE GAZETTE office. So it is not likely that the men will come together with their money unless Madden reconsiders and names some place besides Hill's for the meeting. Elliott and Hill are open enemies and this the Brooklyn man considers a sufficient reason for declining to make him stakeholder and referee. Mr. Madden states that the only way to match even Tag Wilson with Sullivan is for Mr. Fox, after the English fighter's arrival, to send a thousand dollars to Hill's saloon and to no other place to cover the money supposed to be deposited there. Mr. Madden also seems to take it to heart that Mr. Fox has sent to England for a fighter to stand before the champion. But since Mr. Sullivan makes sweeping challenges to the world to come forward and get knocked out of time in four rounds for a money prize why should he feel bad when an attempt is made to gratify him? Why should a champion pugilist fortify himself in a saloon or variety theatre and refuse to come out of it to make match even in a newspaper office? We think Mr. Madden is giving Mr. Sullivan bad advice in this matter. He has been a good manager of the pugilist's affairs heretofore but this time he is wrong and his error of judgment will do the champion no good in the opinion of the sporting public.

During our experience we have seen many important prize fights arranged and we have several times assisted in arranging important battles fought during the past twenty years but we must confess that we never heard of a pugilist holding the title of champion pugilist of the world refusing to arrange a match unless the challenger would agree to let him name the stakeholder and select the referee. We must say that Mr. Madden's letter conveys the idea that Sullivan is not anxious to arrange a match. We are not backing Elliott and therefore it is immaterial to us who holds the stakes or what sporting man is selected to fill the position of referee. All we have to say about the matter is that Elliott issued a business-like challenge, backed it up with \$500 which he left at the POLICE GAZETTE office, the money was not covered and Elliott has every right to claim the championship. In regard to Madden's insinuation in reference to Tag Wilson, whom the POLICE GAZETTE is importing to this country, we will say that on the English champion's arrival Richard K. Fox will put up \$1,000 forfeit and back him to fight John L. Sullivan for \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side, the fight to take place within 100 miles of New Orleans and Harry Hill can be final stakeholder and referee. There, now!



JENNIE CRAMER'S DESTROYERS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL OF WALTER AND JAMES MALLEY AND BLANCHE DOUGLASS.

(FROM SKETCHES ON THE SPOT BY POLICE GAZETTE SPECIAL ARTISTS.)